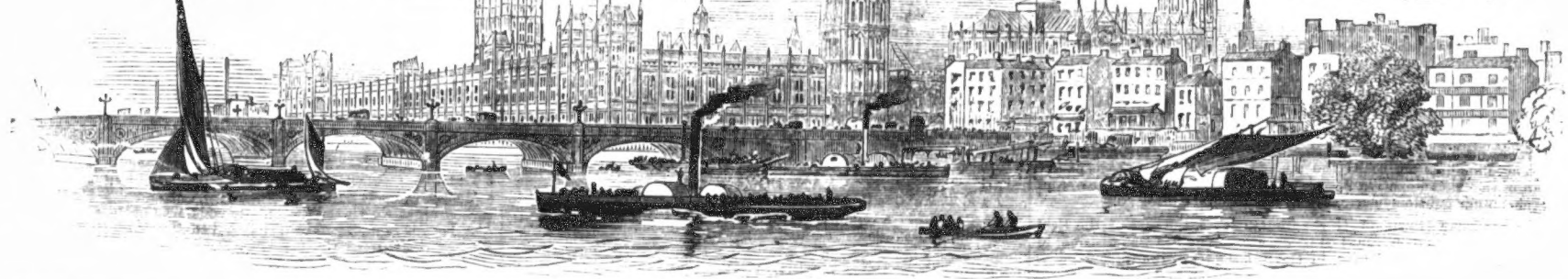


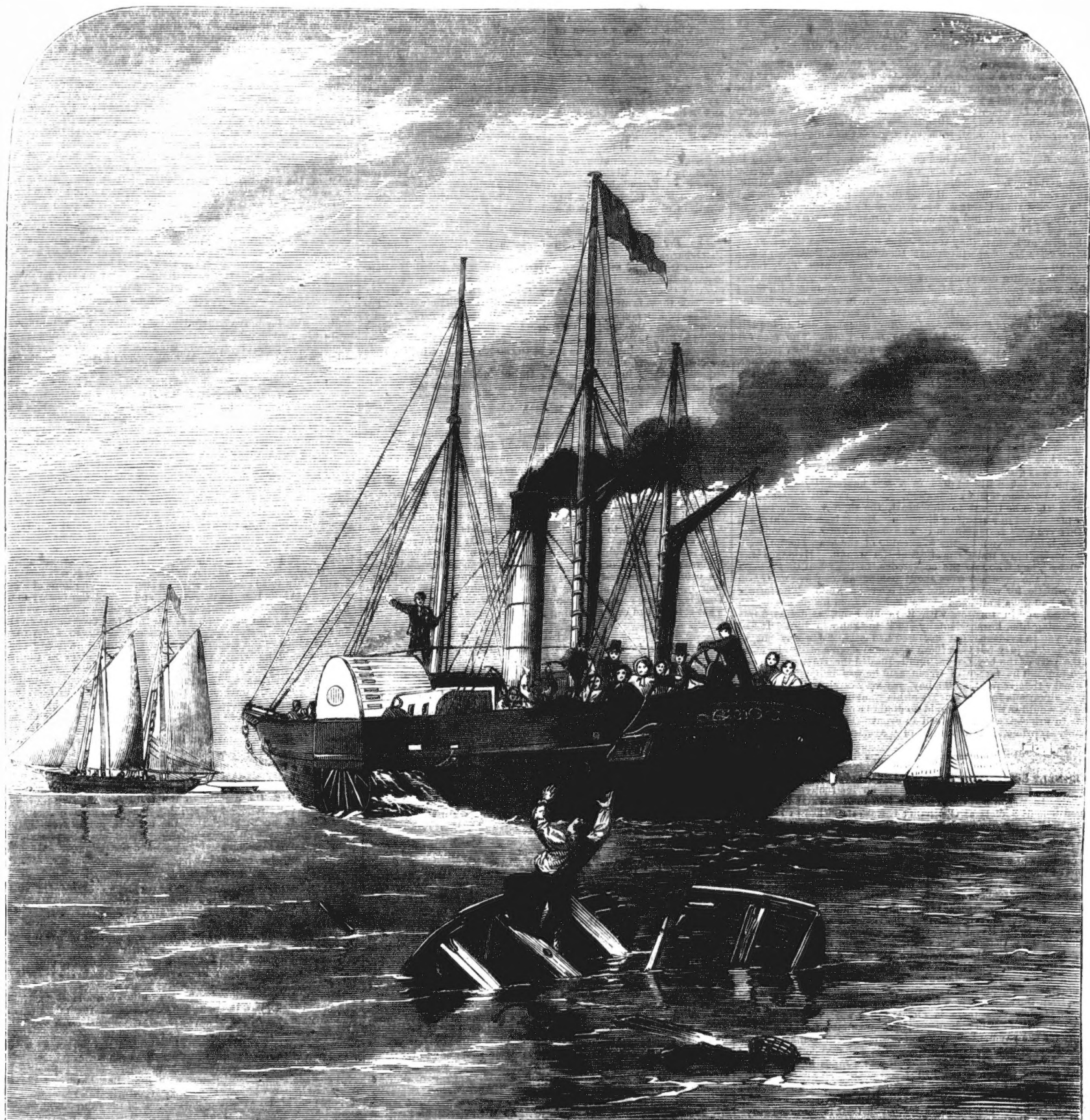
John Dick 313 Stead
**PENNY ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY NEWS.**



No. 21.—VOL. I. NEW SERIES.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1863.

ONE PENNY.



THE 'SHOCKING OCCURRENCE IN SOUTHAMPTON WATER. (See page 323.)

I aware that an Austrian archduke could not proceed to his destination in a foreign vessel, he has decided that his brother should go to Mexico on board a frigate of the Austrian Imperial Navy. The steam frigate the Elizabeth, in which the Prince performed his last voyage to the Brazils, is named as having been selected to convey the new Emperor to his States."

RUSSIA.

A St. Petersburg letter says:— Lord Russell's note was this morning delivered to the Russian authorities. It is very precise, simply acknowledging the last letter of Prince Gortschakoff, recognising the Imperial promises on behalf of the Poles, and concluding by stating that the Emperor holds and as King, subject to the conditions prescribed by the treaty of Vienna. The note is deemed wise and conciliatory here, and it is to be regretted that such was not the tone of our diplomacy the first. Had it been so, our minister would have preserved influence of England at this Court, and might have effected on behalf of the unhappy race their now abandoned. It is to be hoped that we shall hear no more of joint action with France in a matter where our views are as utterly at variance, and our rests in all respects so opposite."

GREECE.

The King of Greece arrived at the Piræus at nine a.m. of October. He was enthusiastically received on landing at the Piræus, afterwards at Athens. His majesty attended a *Te Deum* at the cathedral, at which the diplomatic body was present. Athens is reported to be quiet, and the people well disposed.

FALLANT ATTACK ON AN IRON-CLAD FRIGATE.

The *Charleston Courier* gives the following description of the attack on the Ironsides:—

One of the most daring and gallant naval exploits of the war, distinguished by the greatest coolness, presence of mind, and intrepidity of the brave men associated in the enterprise, was performed yesterday night. This was no less than an attempt to blow up United States steamer New Ironsides, lying on Morris Island. Though not fully meeting the expectations of those who conceived the plan and those who carried it into execution, it has called forth unbounded admiration of our citizens for the brilliant heroism of the actors in their dangerous and self-sacrificing undertaking. A general feeling of deep anxiety prevails to learn the fate of two of the gallant spirits who went out with the Ironsides. There is every reason to believe, however, that these brave men, with the means of safety about their persons, endeavored to reach shore, and have been picked up by some of the navy's launches. We gather the following particulars from other reports in the affair:—The torpedo steamer David, with a crew of four volunteers, consisting of Lieutenant William T. Sullivan, J. H. Toombs, chief engineer, and James Sullivan, assistant of the gunboat Chicora, with J. W. Cannon, assistant of the gunboat Palmetto State, left South Atlantic wharf at seven and seven o'clock on Monday evening, for the purpose of running out to the Ironsides, exploding a torpedo under the stern of the ship, and, if possible, blowing her up. The boat, being dark and hazy, favoured the enterprise. The boat, its gallant little crew, proceeded down the harbour, skirting the shoals on the inside of the channel until nearly abreast of the formidable antagonist, the New Ironsides. They remained in position for a short time, idling around on the large shoal anchorage of the object of their visit. Lieutenant Sullivan, with a double-barrelled gun, sat in front of Pilot Cannon, had charge of the helm. Chief Engineer Toombs was at the bow, with the brave and undaunted Sullivan, the volunteer fire-when something like the following conversation ensued:— "Lieutenant Glasell: 'It is now nine o'clock. Shall we strike her?' Cannon: 'That's what we came for; I am ready.' Engineer Toombs: 'Let's go at her then, and do our best.' Sullivan, fired: 'I am with you all and waiting. Go ahead!' The boat was put bow on, and aimed directly for the Ironsides. As the steamer darted forward, the look-out on the Ironsides hailed with 'Take care there; you will run into us. What steamer is that?' Lieutenant Glasell replied by discharging one barrel at the look-out, and tendering the gun to Pilot Cannon, told here was another Yankee—pointing to one with his body half the bulwarks, and asked Cannon to take care of him with the barrel. The next moment they had struck the Ironsides, and the torpedo about 15 ft. from the keel, and on the starboard side, an immense volume of water was thrown up, covering our little boat and going through the smoke-stack entered the furnace, completely extinguishing the fire. In addition to this, pieces of the hull fell in the works of the engine, rendering it unmanageable at once. Volley after volley of musketry from the crew of the Ironsides and from the launches began to pour in upon them. Lieutenant Glasell gave the order to back, but it was found impossible. In this condition, with no shelter, and no hope of escape, he sought it best to surrender, and hailed the enemy to that effect. The Yankees, however, paid no attention to the call, but roused continued to fire. It was then proposed to put on their 'reservers,' jump overboard, and endeavour to swim to the shore. All but Pilot Cannon consented. The latter, being unable to swim, said he would stay and take his chances in the boat. Lieutenant Glasell, Engineer Toombs, and Sullivan, the fireman, beat the first two having on life preservers, and the latter clinging himself on one of the hatch's thrown to him by the Engineer Toombs, becoming embarrassed with his clothing, water, got back to the boat, and was assisted in by Cannon. Cannon was then rapidly drifting from the Ironsides. He now, suddenly found a match, and lighting a torch, crept back to the shore, discovered and removed the cause of its not working, and got it in order. Engineer Toombs and Cannon reached their boat in the city about midnight, fatigued and presenting a worn appearance, but rejoicing at their fortunate and narrow escape. regard to the damage to the Ironsides, nothing positive is known. At the moment of striking there was great consternation. It was reported that the crew in gangs were hard at it the pumps all day yesterday. Small boats were seen out passing between the Ironsides and the monitors. At night, however, she remained at her old anchorage."

WHILE ENTERING A TRAIN.—The passengers at the Iron Railway Station, on the York and Scarborough line, were on Saturday by the following circumstance:—A man John Walburn, in the employment of the railway company, had been ill for a short time, and was going to Malton for the purpose of his recovery, just when in the act of entering a train, fell heavily back on the platform, and died at once. The cause of death is thought to be disease of the heart.—*Yorkshire Post*.

GRACEFUL SCENE.—On Monday afternoon a most disgusting scene took place in the Old Kent-road. A funeral procession on its way to Lewisham Cemetery, followed by a number of its mourners in them. The driver of the hearse, fearing he was too late at the Cemetery, whipped the horses to a trot, one of the mourners, thinking that such a pace was not treatable, and the followers with proper respect, jumped out of the hearse and expostulated with him, but the driver, provoking blows ensued, and a most disgraceful scene occurred. A whole of the mourners getting out of the cabs, a regular fight broke out, and it was not until the police interfered, and ordered to take the whole of them to the station-house, where they proceeded on their way, followed by a large crowd.

THE WAR IN AMERICA.

RETREAT OF THE CONFEDERATES FROM BEFORE WASHINGTON.

The Confederate army of the Potomac has disappeared from the neighbourhood of Washington. On the 19th a report had reached New York and created great excitement, to the effect that the army of General Meade had retired within the defences of Washington. The rumour was without foundation. A despatch to the *New York Herald* of the 18th from Washington says:—

"Intelligence from the front to-day states that the rebel lines have fallen back somewhat from Bull-run, and that our forces are cautiously feeling the enemy's movements. There has been no collision of any moment, though there was some short artillery firing this morning. The apparent retrograde movement of the rebel army is construed by some into an advance toward the Potomac for crossing into Maryland at the lower ferries, while the indications are equally strong that Lee desired to get a new position. It is quite probable that a general engagement will come out of the present manoeuvre. Yesterday Mosby's guerrillas made a raid into Fairfax, capturing several officers and men. All supply trains are duly guarded to prevent incursions from rebel cavalry."

The *New York Herald* asserts that Lee's retreat has been caused by the success of Burnside's operations in the West, and that he has determined to have a decisive blow struck at Chattanooga.

A special despatch to the *New York Tribune*, from Washington, the 20th, has the following:—

"The removal of General Rosecranz from the command of the department of the Cumberland has been fully determined upon. General Thomas will be his successor. The fact that General Rosecranz was with Generals McCook and Crittenden asleep in Chattanooga while General Thomas was fighting a brave and desperate fight alone, has been known to the Government for weeks. It is also understood that General Rosecranz has failed, ever since the battle of Chickamauga, to exhibit in his despatches a spirit equal to the circumstances in which he found himself. It is now ascertained that General Rosecranz came very near losing his command during the siege of Vicksburg, in consequence of his refusal to assist General Grant, after repeated orders by the Government and requests from General Grant himself, by attacking Bragg's army to make a diversion in Grant's favour and prevent the reinforcement of Johnston. The Government is satisfied that he was too cautious before crossing the Tennessee, and too rash afterward; in the first case hesitating to obey orders to move, and in the second disregarding orders not to move too rapidly—that, in a word, the Chattanooga campaign was really a failure."

A splendid repast was recently given to the Russian naval officers at New York. In reply to the toast, "The President of the United States," a salute of thirteen guns was fired from a small model of Fort Sumter, the band playing "Hail Columbia." The cheering which followed was deafening. "The Emperor of Russia," the toast of the evening, was responded to with a warmth which must be long remembered by his representatives who were present. The miniature fort fired a salute, and the band played "God save the Emperor." Baron Stoeckel, in responding, said:—"Mr. President, I avail myself of the opportunity to express my deep gratitude for the compliment offered to his Imperial Majesty, and, in the name of my Government, I will express it for the unbounded kindness and hospitality extended to Admiral Liebovsky and the officers of our navy. It will be my duty, gentlemen, to bring to the notice of my illustrious master these acts of friendship; and I can assure you it will be felt and deeply appreciated by his Imperial Majesty and by the whole Russian nation. (Cheers.) May peace bless again this whole country (applause), and may the United States continue in their wonderful career of prosperity and happiness. (Cheers.) And in expressing this sentiment, gentlemen, I can assure you there is not one of the seventy millions of my countrymen who will not join me from the very depths of his heart." (Loud cheering.)

In response to the toast of "The Russian Navy," Admiral Liebovsky rose, and was received with prolonged cheers. He said:—"Gentlemen, citizens of New York,—In behalf of my brother officers I beg to express to you the feeling of deep gratitude and high regard for your well wishes, for the honour you are pleased to confer upon us in this banquet. At the same time I will allow myself the gratification to express my own and my brother officers' admiration for the brilliant history of your navy and naval officers, whom we have known a long time before we came to this city in different parts of the globe. (Cheers.) They are, gentlemen, your most noble representatives abroad. It has been my fortune once, in trying circumstances, after the loss of my ship, when left destitute of every article, to meet with an American man-of-war. I will not dwell upon the aid which was promptly extended; but I will never forget the personal friendship shown by your officers. (Cheers.) I will never forget the words with which they met us in the ward-room and the cabin. Every American officer taking an officer of similar rank, said, 'Now, sir, everything which is in this cabin, one-half of it belongs to you' (Vehement cheers.) I feel myself happy in the opportunity of expressing, before this numerous and distinguished society, the testimonial of my everlasting gratitude." (Cheers.) Mr. Derlin, corporation counsel, gave the following sentiment:—"Russia, separated by geographical divisions, but brought close to our affections by the noble act of his Imperial Majesty the Czar, in his illustrious and unprecedented decree dictating the emancipation of millions of his serfs. It is doubly fitting that such an act of enfranchisement and elevation of the masses, done under a form of Government wherein power springs from the throne, should be appreciated by a nation whose axiom of Government is, that power springs from the people." The following was the last general toast given:—"Neutrality—that solemn principle of law which teaches and enforces the obligations of duty and friendship between nations who are at peace with each other." The Hon. David Dudley Field, in response, said:—"The interpretations given to this important word on the other side of the water, since the beginning of the present contest, compared little with our previous understanding of the term. Neutrality was the rule of justice and prudence. But there was another rule—that of non-intervention, as old as government itself and as eternal as eternity." This rule the United States had ever obeyed and Russia had done likewise. Of France and England we complained that they had departed from it in recognizing one party in a quarrel entirely national to ourselves as a belligerent. We see the ground fresh with graves that never would have been opened but for the countenance they have given to the rebellion. The consequences will ripen into an iron harvest of war, of which no man can foresee the end." (Applause.)

Letters from Morris Island, Charleston, of the 18th state that for several days previously there had been but little firing upon either side, and that the Confederates were evidently reserving their ammunition for the Ironsides, whenever Admiral Dahlgren should attempt to enter the harbour; they add that the admiral had expressed his determination to go up to Charleston on the next trip, or else assure himself that the Ironsides were unequal to the task.

It is reported from Washington, under date of the 22nd, that Admiral Dahlgren had been superseded in the command of the fleet of Charleston by Captain Thomas Turner, of the Ironsides.

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THE WAR WITH THE JAPANESE.

THE FIGHT AT KAGOSIMA.

The *Japan Herald* gives the following account of the fight between the English fleet and the forts at Kagosima:—

"All hope of any peaceful settlement being crushed, deceit and subterfuge appearing to be the only aim, Colonel Neal now stepped aside, and Admiral Kuper took the matter in hand. On the afternoon of the 11th, there was a general shifting of the disposition of the fleet, the greater part of which were placed under the island, out of range of guns on the fort in the middle of the channel, say 1700 yards on either side. The *Euryalus*, although shifting, still remained within range, as did also the *Perseus*. On the morning of the 15th, the *Pearl*, *Coquette*, *Argus*, *Havoc*, and *Racehorse*, proceeded up the bay, and took as hostages three steamers there at anchor—said to be the *England*, purchased by Satsuma in 1861, for 120,000 dollars; the steamer *George Grey* (for 40,000 dollars), and the *Contest*, which cost him 85,000 dollars in May last. The locality of the anchorage of these vessels was snugly behind Point Wilnot. The weather, which had been very stormy during the whole morning, now became worse; it was raining in torrents, and the wind blowing a hurricane round the bay. At ten o'clock the above-named vessels, English and Japanese, had returned, and at twelve the men were just piped to dinner, and nothing immediately expected, when suddenly, the battery on the main covering the *Euryalus*, and that on the island covering the *Perseus*, opened fire. The three hostage steamers were forthwith fired (their crews having been previously sent ashore, and one of the head officers on board, recognized as having belonged to the staff of the late ambassador to Europe; and another officer, at their own request, having been taken on board the flag-ship, where they now remain). All the ships weighed and formed line of battle. The *Perseus* then engaged the battery that had been firing at her in beautiful style, as we are informed, knocking her antagonist's guns over, one after another; and when she had completed that, as though she had been only getting her hand in, she passed over to the other side, and engaged the battery on the opposite shore. All the batteries (ten) were then engaged by the ships at point-blank range, at from 400 to 800 yards respectively. (The *Euryalus* being within 200 yards), commencing with the northernmost and passing down the entire line. About dusk the town was fired in several parts by our shells, and three of the forts silenced. All the ships then returned to their anchorage, save the *Racehorse*, which had got ashore within 200 yards of the nearest battery, of which she had availed herself in true British style to pour her metal into until it was effectually silenced. The *Argus* was sent to bring her off, which she accomplished after about an hour's delay, during the whole of which time she was under fire from one of the other batteries. This was Saturday, the 15th, during the whole of which day it had been raining and blowing fiercely. The loss on this day to us was eleven killed and thirty-nine wounded. Amongst the former there will be general regret that we have to name Captain Josling of the flag-ship—an officer esteemed and respected by all who knew him; in ordinary times mild and gentle, but when the lion was aroused within him he was bold and daring; a true type of a British officer. Commander Edward Wilcott (late of the *Agamemnon*), of whose character all speak in the like glowing terms, met a glorious death by the same shot; both were standing on the bridge of the flag-ship about the middle of the engagement (3.30), when a shot passed through the boat and struck them both instantaneously into eternity; the admiral escaped death by the same shot in a wonderful manner; both he and the master were standing on the narrow bridge when the captain fell. About nine o'clock, the whole of one side of the town was blazing. The following day (Sunday), the weather cleared up, the dead (two officers and seven seamen) were consigned to their sailors' grave in Euryalus Bay, at eleven o'clock, and the fleet stood out, passing close to the batteries on the island, which it engaged the whole way. The destruction accomplished by the fleet appears to have been enormous. There can be no doubt that the whole city is now one mass of ruins, including the palace, the factories, and the arsenal and warehouses; the batteries have also been seriously damaged; not one of them which had been engaged during the first day fired a shot on the second day as the fleet passed out. The three destroyed ships alone have cost Satsuma 245,000 dollars, upwards of half of which he has paid very recently. Several large junks also were destroyed. The Japanese are said to have stood well to their guns, so long as the play was at long range, but seemed somewhat taken aback when our ships came to close quarters. The list of casualties is:—*Euryalus*, 10 killed, 21 wounded; *Pearl*, 7 wounded; *Argus*, 6 wounded; *Coquette*, 2 killed, 4 wounded; *Perseus*, 1 killed, 9 wounded; *Racehorse*, 3 wounded. We had nearly omitted to mention that several most pressing invitations were sent to Colonel Neal to attend with as many of his suite as he chose on shore, at a conference, in a place prepared to receive them, a courtesy declined with thanks. It is useless to attempt to speculate at present what will be the next steps taken to bring this haughty prince to reason. The description of ammunition used by Satsuma's forts must have been of a superior description. The quantity expended by us was considerable, and as matters have evidently not come to a conclusion we may congratulate ourselves that a large further supply has arrived in the *Cormorant* and *Barossa*."

The *Shanghai Shipping List*, says a private letter, written by an officer who was engaged in the late action at Kagosima, gives the following details:—"The engagement lasted for two days, the 15th and 16th instant. On the first day the fire was well kept up for six hours, but an hour and a half on the second day was sufficient to put an end to the action. The forts mounted ninety-three guns and mortars, and when we take into consideration amongst these were 10-inch guns and 18-inch mortars, and further, that the position of the ships was 450 yards from the forts, it need not surprise us when we are assured by officers who have gone through the Crimean campaign that the fire at Sebastopol was nothing in comparison with what was poured upon the fleet opposite Kagosima."

It is God's mercy, says the *Daily Press*, that the whole fleet were not sunk. Satsuma had the best United States guns and ammunition, and had received full instructions how to use them. His batteries were armed with 13-inch and 8-inch shell guns—four 150-pounders, ten 80-pounders, and of the remainder none were of smaller calibre than 32-pounders. We suppose the wind and rain, and the determined attack at close quarters, caused confusion, for if one shell caused such damage to the *Euryalus*, what would 100 have done, and how all the rest came to us is so marvellous. We regret to say that such victories as that of Kagosima will not suit us. Gallantry is thrown away on these Orientals—the loss of life on our side is deplorable. The fleet, says the *Shanghai Shipping List*, was on its way back to Yokohama.

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A FISHERMAN KILLED BY A STEAMER.

This illustration in the front page represents a dreadful occurrence in the Solent. The following is a summary of the evidence taken at the inquiry into the circumstances attending the death of a man drowned in the Solent, by his boat being run down by the *Lady of the Lake* steamer, at the Guildhall, Southampton.

William Gunn was sworn, and stated that he lived at No. 9, Strand, and was clerk to Mr. Lury, 24, Above-bar. He was a passenger on Saturday morning on board the *Lady of the Lake*, running from the Royal Pier down to Cowes. They left about ten minutes to nine o'clock. It was a fine morning, though not very clear when the vessel left the pier. He noticed that it was not very clear for some distance, but when they got to the spot where the accident happened it was quite clear. Captain Summers was in charge of the vessel, and they had got, as he should think, nearly opposite the Hamble shore, below both the guardship *Dauntless* and the *Netley Hospital*. They were, he thought, nearly opposite to the Hamble shore—he could not say whether they were in the middle of the stream or not. Witness was on the port side of the ship, near the steering wheel, and his attention was directed to sounds that he heard, when he looked down to the side of the vessel, and saw a man in a boat, the side of which had been cut away. He saw a man just flush of the paddle-box, and the whole of the side of the boat was cut away just flush up to the bottom. The man looked up and exclaimed, "Look here!" and the boat was then just clear of the paddle. The man was in the bottom of the boat, and the steamer went on. He heard a lot of the passengers hail some one ahead to stop the steamer, and it was stopped, but it had then got some distance ahead. He should not like to say the distance, but it was between 300 and 400 yards. When the steamer stopped the boat was left astern at a great distance, and the man kept himself at the bottom of his boat with his oar. Witness fully expected that the man would be saved. There were several passengers calling in all directions. There was instant confusion, and attention was given by every one, passengers generally calling for help. After the steamer had stopped some few minutes, the boat at her side was lowered, but with great difficulty, and the man who had been run down had then drifted further round towards the steamer's bow. There was nothing in the boat, and no oars, and after lowering her, with much difficulty, they were obliged to scull her round.

William Hickley, a passenger on board the steamer at the time of the accident, deposed that when abreast of the Hamble, he heard the *Lady of the Lake* coming into collision with something in the water, and on looking over the side saw deceased in a small boat endeavouring to push it away from the steamer. He did not believe any one on board saw the boat before it was struck, and there was nobody on the look-out forward. The captain was at the foot of the ladder leading to the bridge. After the accident he thought every exertion was made to stop and back the vessel. There was much confusion on board. Charles Kingswell, mate of the *Lady of the Lake*, deposed that shortly before the collision he heard the man on the look-out shout, "Shove off," and immediately afterwards the man came running to him, and pointed to a boat on the port bow. Witness put the helm hard-a-port, but before a life-buoy could be thrown overboard, the deceased was far astern. The captain, who was then on the bridge, sung out, "Turn astern, and get out the boat." There was some difficulty in getting out the boat, and the passengers, who were anxious to lend assistance, only impeded the operation. On the boat being at length lowered, witness sculled it towards the fragments of the boat which had been struck, but could not find deceased. The man went down about 200 or 300 yards from the vessel. There was only one ear and a boot-book in the steamer's boat. It was not in the condition ordered by the Board of Trade. It was the duty of the captain to see that the boat was in a proper state. At the time of the accident witness did not see the captain on the bridge, nor did he notice that the look-out man was at his post. He could not say that it was usual for captains to remain on the bridge from the beginning of the voyage to the end. They would be expected to do so if the weather was thick. He concluded that the look-out man was at his post from the fact of his running to witness immediately on the occurrence of the accident. If the weather had been sufficiently clear, and certain baskets (part of the cargo) not piled on the boat-house, he might have seen the approach of the deceased's boat. One of the witnesses, Thomas Forrest, who had been previously examined, was re-called. He said that the deceased was a fisherman named John Fielder, and he saw him leaving the *Hard* in his boat on Saturday evening, and proceeding into the Southampton water. Saw the fragments of Fielder's boat that morning, and observed that the stern sheets were completely cut away. At this stage of the proceedings a consultation took place between the magistrates and the defendant's solicitor, and it was finally resolved to adjourn the case. The defendant, Henry Summers, the captain of the *Lady of the Lake*, was liberated on bail.

COLLIERY EVICTIONS IN THE NORTH.

A VERY serious and terrible drama of real life is being played out just now in the north of England. The whole of the men employed at four extensive collieries—those of Brandon, Brancepeth, Oakenshaw, and Sunnybrow—are on strike. The main point of difference lies in the mode by which the quantity of coals hewed by each individual is to be ascertained; and such conflicting statements are before us that we wait for further information before giving any decided opinion on the subject. There seems to be much ill-feeling on both sides; but as yet peace has been preserved, under it must be confessed, circumstances singularly provocative of disorder. Negotiations having failed, the owners served notices of ejectment upon the pitmen, compelling them to leave their homes, which are built close to the pit. "Tent life at Sunnybrow"—nothing can sound more pastoral; few things can be more distressing. One thinks of a gipsy encampment on a pleasant upland slope. The reality is somewhat different. The other morning a bleak north-easter was blowing, and heavy showers of rain fell during the day, but, at the hour stated, the process of eviction began. A number of the Durham county constabulary were present; their services were, however, not required. The extra hands engaged by the owners of the colliery suffered. The houses were stripped of their contents; the pitmen, when they had secured some temporary shelter for their children, stood sullenly apart. There was no tumult, no disturbance. It is hard for a man to witness the destruction of his home. There was not a single eight-day clock, a single rude chest of drawers, a single framed print, that had not been dearly bought by toil. On those beds some of their fathers had died, some of their children had been born. It mattered not, out they were forced to go—out into the cold north-easter and the driving rain. The orders of the owners, fulfilled in all that regards severity, were frequently forgotten as regards indulgence; only a part of the furniture was carried to the neighbouring village, the rest was simply carried into the nearest field. In one field alone there were twenty loads of furniture. The men pulled up a lot of brambles, and at last managed to kindle fires. Round these crouched the little children, warming themselves as best they could; and the mothers, straining their babies to the breast, gazed miserably at the crackling bushes. One of the infants had scarlet fever. Silently and sullenly the colliers waited for a tent which they had clubbed together to obtain; and, as the night fell, a large marquee arrived from Crook. The pews, we may be sure, were speedily driven in, and the ropes speedily fastened. Then, under their canvas covering, crept this forlorn company of the homeless, numbering—for this tragedy is one that has relation to statistics—forty men, thirty-five women, and seventy-seven children.

MISS BATEMAN.

THE portrait here given is that of Miss Bateman, a young American actress, who is now performing at the Adelphi Theatre, with immense success. Miss Bateman is still very young, as it is only about eight or nine years ago she appeared in this country as one of "the Bateman children." The promises of earliest youth in her case will doubtless be fully realized by the successes of after life. The part of "Leah," which this talented young lady selected for her debut in London, is an extremely difficult one, requiring great tragic powers on the part of the actress who attempts it. Miss Bateman has shown herself quite equal to the occasion, and has already acquired a high and well-merited reputation both in America and England.

DEATH OF THE FRENCH GENERAL BEDEAU.

SCARCELY has the grave closed over M. Billaut when another man, who, in different circumstances, also held for some time a prominent place among his countrymen, has quitted the scene. General Bedeau died at Nantes, and, like his former colleague in the Republican Assembly, of disease of the heart. It was, however, no sudden stroke that carried him off. He had long been suffering, and for some weeks past all hope of his recovery was given up. Bedeau was one, and not the least, of that group of distinguished officers who learnt the practice of warfare in Africa. It was in those frequent encounters with the Arab tribes which so long held their ground against the French that the military qualities which characterized him were developed. General Bedeau was born at Verton, near Nantes, in 1804. His father had served in the navy, but the son's preferences were for the land service. In 1836 he went to Algeria, where he remained ten years. He distinguished himself greatly at the second siege of Constantine, and when that place fell was appointed its governor. He was soon after promoted to the rank of colonel, and got the command of the 17th Light Infantry, in which he was succeeded by the Duke d'Aumale. His gallantry and ability were equally conspicuous in the Cherchell, Medeah, and Miliana expeditions, in which he was twice severely wounded. At the close of 1847 he returned to France, when the banquet agitation, which was to end in the catastrophe of February and the overthrow of the Orleans Government, was at its height. When the movement in February assumed its most serious aspect Bedeau was entrusted by Marshal Bugeaud, who had just been appointed to the command of the army of Paris, with the command of one of the five columns destined to suppress the insurrection, by occupying the great thoroughfares of the capital. Bedeau fixed his headquarters in the Place de la Concorde, and it was there that the grave incidents passed which subsequently gave rise to a long and angry controversy. Bedeau was charged with want of firmness towards the insurgents, against whom he had, so his critics alleged, ample means at his disposal.

One general, also an African, was reported to have said, rather unjustly, in alluding to Cavaignac, Lamoriciere, and Bedeau, that Cavaignac moved too late, Lamoriciere too soon, and Bedeau not at all. The truth is he was aware of the uncertainty and scruples that prevailed in the royal councils, and was unwilling to assume the responsibility of commencing hostilities against the people, and thus closing the door against all compromise. Be this as it may, a great deal of precious time was lost, and the Chamber

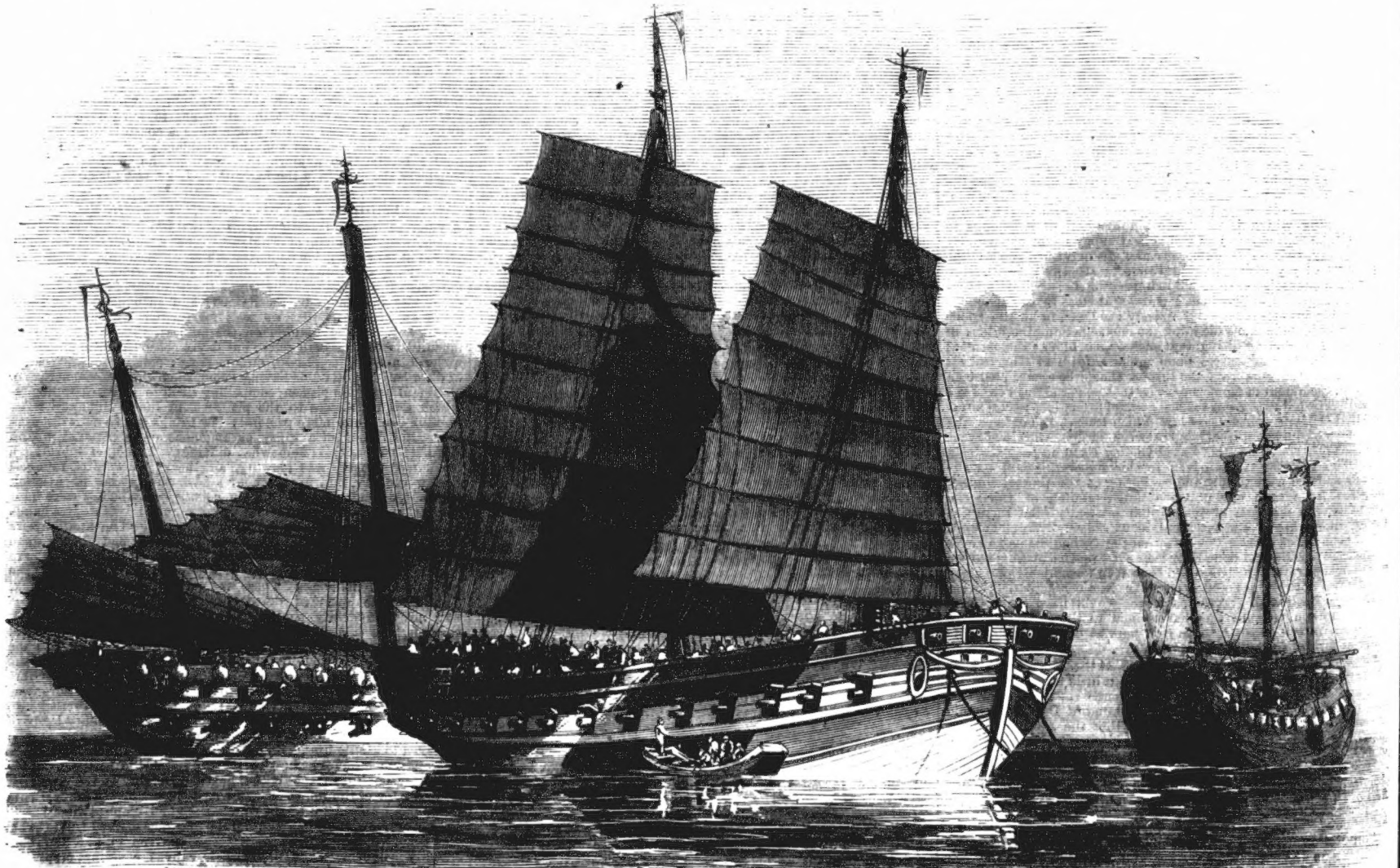
of Deputies was invaded almost before the eyes of the general. Marshal Bugeaud subsequently published a letter, in which Bedeau's conduct was blamed. Unwilling to submit to a slur thrown upon him, he called a meeting of some of the first general officers of the army, and gave them full explanations of his conduct on that occasion. These explanations were, no doubt, found satisfactory, for the verdict in his favour was, we believe, unanimous. On the night of the 2nd of December, 1851, General Bedeau was arrested at the same time as Cavaignac, Lamoriciere, Changarnier, and others of his old comrades; was thrown into the prison of Mazas, thence transferred to Ham, and finally expelled from France. The years of exile count for more than double in the life of man, and Bedeau grew prematurely old. During his long banishment in Belgium, he followed with intense interest the events of the war in the Crimea. There is no doubt that his heart was with the army during that terrible struggle, and he read with a feeling it is easy to imagine the deeds of some of his old comrades, in which he was not permitted to share. The amnesty enabled him once more to revisit his country. He fixed his residence at Nantes, where he lived in great seclusion.



PORTRAIT OF MISS BATEMAN.

NOW PERFORMING THE CHARACTER OF "LEAH," AT THE ADELPHI.

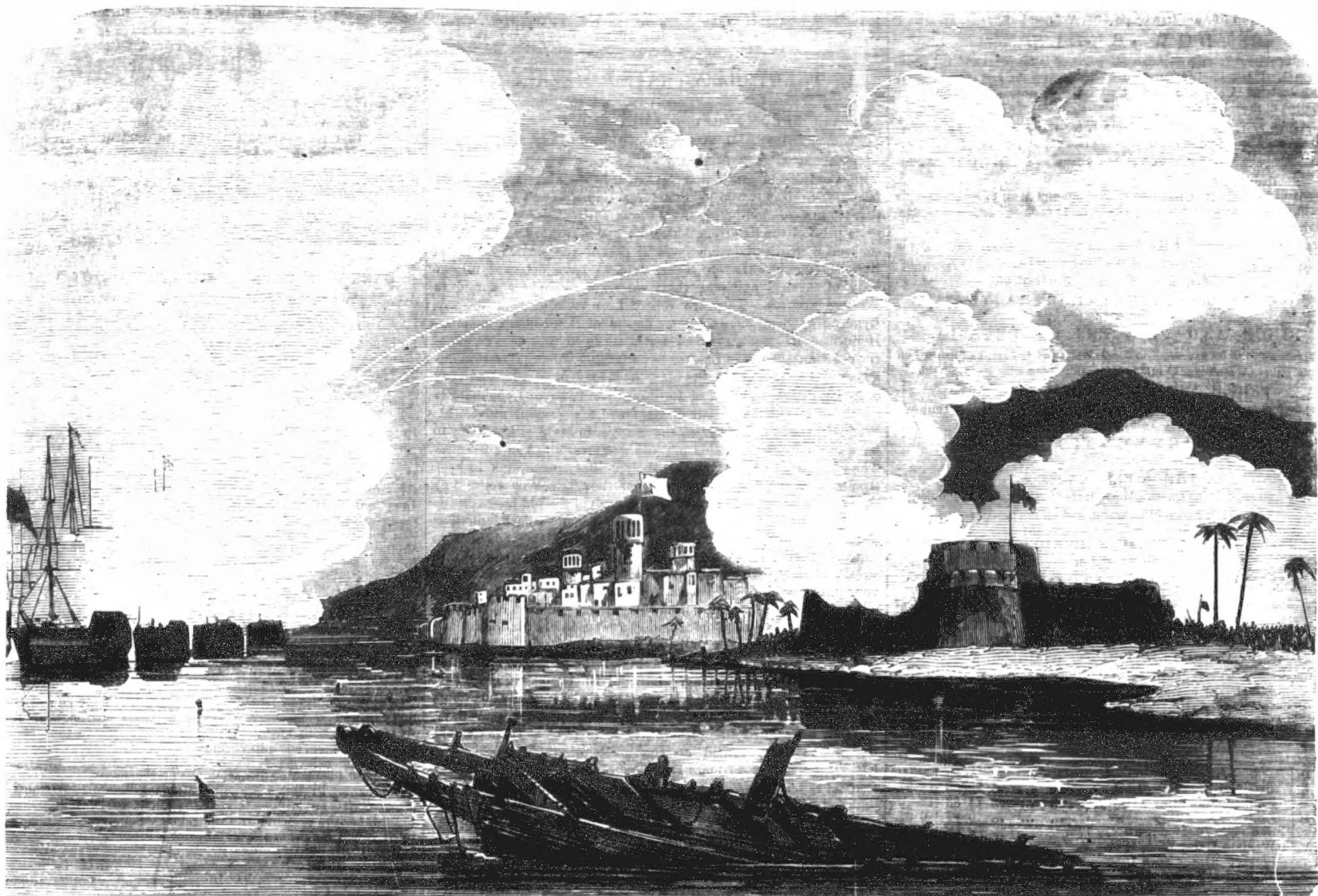
NEW USE OF CRINOLINE.—On Friday last, a case came under the notice of the police, showing a novel use of this fashionable article of attire. About ten o'clock at night a young woman was brought to the police-office charged with stealing a pair of boots from a draper's shop in town. She had been in the same shop during the day, and had left after examining several articles of attire, but without making any purchase; and returning late in the evening was detected in the act of pilfering a pair of boots, and given in custody to the police. Being subjected to a strict search by order of Superintendent Sutherland, it was found that the young woman had attired herself in a double suit of crinoline, between which was secreted a great variety of articles, the produce of her visits to various shops in town. The draper from whom the boots were attempted to be stolen discovered, to his surprise, that amongst the other articles concealed in the crinoline was a piece of black Coburg cloth belonging to him, which had been carried off during the first visit of the thief to his premises. This particular article was no less than fourteen yards in length, and was neatly hidden in the capacious crinoline, along with the board attached to it. There were also found two pieces of black velvet ribbon measuring nine-teen yards, and a pair of stockings, the produce of separate robberies of various shops in the High-street. This enterprising female depredator was brought up before the sitting bailie, on Saturday morning, and remitted for trial to a higher court. She gave her name at first as Isabella Munro, and afterwards as Isabella Ross, a servant in the country; but the addresses she gave turned out to be fictitious. Her real name is Lexia Cameron, a native of the parish of Evanton.—*Inverness Advertiser*.



THE JAPANESE WAR.—JUNKS DESTROYED BY ADMIRAL KUPER AT KAGOSIMA. (See page 323.)

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JAPANESE WAR.—ADMIRAL KUPER'S ATTACK ON THE TOWN AND FORTS OF KAGOSIMA, AUGUST 15, 1863. (See page 323.)



JAPANESE WAR.—ON BOARD THE EURYALUS BEFORE GOING INTO ACTION. (See page 323.)

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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

		ANNIVERSARIES.		H. W. L. B.	
D.	D.			A. M.	P. M.
7	S	Battle of Prague, 1620	10 58	11 27
8	S	22nd Sunday after Trinity	11 53	12 0
9	M	Lord Mayor's Day	0 17	0 37
10	T	Sun rises 7h. 10m., sets 4h. 17m.	0 58	1 17
11	W	William Haley died, 1820	1 56	1 56
12	T	Richard Baxter born, 1615	2 13	2 35
13	F	Edward III. born, 1312	2 44	3 15
		MOON'S CHANGES.—11th, New Moon, 7h. 59m., a.m.			
		Sunday Lessons.			
		MORNING. AFTERNOON.			
		Proverbs 11; Luke 24. Proverbs 12; 1 Thessalonians 4.			

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*. All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER sent post free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may remit a subscription of 3s. 3d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS, at the Office, 313, Strand.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS from news-vendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription, by money order, payable to Mr. DICKS, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's Subscription is 2s. 2d. for the STAMPED EDITION. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent mis-carriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a pink wrapper. Receipt stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

R. B.—A person of your name has been advertised for as "Next of Kin" in respect to property hitherto unclaimed. If what you state be exactly correct, your claim would seem to be a very good one. You had better place the matter in the hands of some London solicitor. The preliminary expenses will not be very great, but you will have to furnish the money for them, as no respectable lawyer will take up such cases on mere speculation. You can, if you like, address yourself to our solicitor, Mr. W. Eaden, No. 10, Gray's-inn-square.

A COUNTRYMAN.—Coats of mail belonging almost to every age can be seen in the Tower of London.

A LOVER OF NATURE.—The power of re-production in insects is one of the most wonderful parts of their economy. On beholding a slug, a new head, with all its complex appendages, will grow again; so will the claws of a lobster. The end of a worm split produces two perfect heads; and if cut into three pieces, the middle produces a perfect head and tail.

JONATHAN OLDBRICK.—Stonehenge, in Wiltshire, is our chief existing monument of ante-Roman antiquity. There can be no doubt but what it was a temple of Baal.

R. S. B.—The wood used for engraving is box.

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NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed to the Editor of the "Penny Illustrated Weekly News," 313, Strand, London, when they will be noticed in our next.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1863.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

THE Confederate army that threatened Washington has again fallen back. One reason assigned for General Lee's movement is that his supplies had failed, and he was compelled to fall back to some point of the line from which he had advanced. The other connects it with a diversion made by part of the army of General Burnside from Tennessee. He is said to have detached a large body of cavalry, and sent them eastward again, for a raid in Western Virginia. They are reported to be advancing towards Lynchburg, where there are some depots of Confederate supplies. If Burnside's horsemen are so fortunate as to find that an experienced commander like Lee has left anything worth protesting unguarded, they may strike the blow in favour of Meade that they could not deliver in behalf of Rosecranz. To cover Lynchburg is stated as one of the reasons of General Lee's present movement. Whatever the causes may be, the change in his position seems to have been effected before his purpose was ascertained or suspected. The Confederates contrive in all their military operations to keep themselves in the shadow, and whether they attack or retire they equally perplex their adversaries. In some of the old books on the art of fencing there are directions how to manage a dark lantern as an auxiliary to the rapier. It was a very formidable addition to carte and tierce in a nocturnal encounter. You kept your foe in a stream of light, which revealed every movement of his, while your thrusts went out of the darkness against the imperfect guard you discovered. Something like this rapier and lantern practice on the largest scale the Confederates have been able to adopt. They appear on all occasions to have had full information of their enemy's movements, while they kept all their unknown. They disappeared from Maryland, after the last campaign, much as if they had withdrawn into a cloud. In their last advance from the Rappahannock their march was not suspected for some days, and they have now retired, leaving as little trace of their route as if Lee had really turned on the shade of the lantern, and left his opponents to mere surmises of the road he has taken. General Rosecranz is superseded in his command, or, in the language of American party politics, "decapitated." He was in bed and asleep in the town of Chattanooga "while General Thomas was fighting a brave and desperate fight alone." At the same place and time two of his generals of division were reposing, recumbent and inglorious. In the accounts of the battle written at the moment, it was mentioned that Rosecranz quitted the field on the first day, and the absence of two generals from their divisions was obscurely hinted. The real facts have, it appears, been known to the Government for some weeks; but the truth has not been allowed to transpire till now. The Government is satisfied that "he was too cautious before crossing the Tennessee, and too rash afterwards." In the first case, he "hesitated to obey orders to move, and in the second, disregarded orders not to move too rapidly. In a word, the Chattanooga campaign was really a failure." Crittenden and McCook, who are involved in their general's disgrace, are also deprived of their command; their two corps are to be "consolidated," the name of the 21st (or Crittenden's) having been struck from the rolls of the army. In taking leave of their troops and officers, both generals assert that they have been "slandered" General Thomas, by whose exertions the army of the Tennessee was saved from destruction, will succeed to the vacant command.

In addition to the painful features which are common to every extensive strike, the conflict between the coal miners of the North is rendered the more deplorable by the supplemental misery of the "eviction" process. The colliery owners are the proprietors of the cottages in which the miners reside. The public are familiar with the story of the Irish evictions; but Englishmen scarcely expected to witness a similar transaction in the county of Durham. In sad reality this terrible infliction has fallen on the recalcitrant miners of Sunnybrow, and in one day thirty-eight families have been ejected, making a total of forty men, thirty-five women, and seventy-seven children. However tenderly such a process may be carried out its operation is inevitably harsh, and even cruel. These poor creatures had notice to quit, it is true, but it must have been next to impossible for them to comply. When the term of the notice expired the occupants of the cottages were found to have adopted the policy of passive resistance. They made no effort to remove their goods, neither did they obstruct or annoy the constables and others who laid hands on their furniture, and transferred it to the carts which were brought to their doors. At first there was an apparent disposition on the part of the agents engaged in this wretched work to convey the furniture and effects to some distance, where they might be properly housed; but as the day wore on they grew tired of this more humane and dilatory method, and accordingly proceeded to deposit the articles in the adjacent fields. It must have been a lamentable sight to witness. The wind blew in a biting blast from the north-east, and the rain fell at times in cheerless showers. Women were cowering in the open air, nestling their infants in their breast to keep the babes from perishing, while the children who were able to help themselves drew together round a bonfire of faggots and brambles. Among the houseless families was an infant of six months old, suffering from scarlet fever, its wretched mother nursing it as best she could beneath that wintry sky, until some arrangement could be made for its reception elsewhere. Scenes like these are not likely to improve the relationship between masters and men; and the interests of society demand that, if it be at all possible, a dispute about the measurement of work shall not find its issue in occurrences of so melancholy and extreme a type. This forcible removal of the tenants is obviously a species of stratagem on the part of the masters, designed to force the men into a surrender. It is not shown that these domiciles were immediately required for the purpose of housing an equivalent supply of im-

migrant "blacklegs"—men who were willing to work on the employers' terms. There seems to have been no necessity for this severe measure; it was simply a dexterous turn of the screw.

The Court.

Her Majesty will continue to reside at Windsor Castle until the 16th of December, when she will leave for Osborne. Her Majesty intends to remain about three weeks, and afterwards return to Windsor.—*Court Journal*.

Major-General Hon. A. N. Hood and Colonel H. F. Ponsonby have succeeded Lord Charles Fitzroy and Colonel Hardinge, as quarries in waiting to her Majesty.

We believe we may announce the interesting fact that a marriage is in contemplation between his Royal Highness Prince Alfred and a Princess of the House of Oldenburg.—*Court Paper*.

NARROW ESCAPE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

A CASE heard in the Peterborough County Court this week disclosed the startling fact, which has not hitherto been made public, that the special train by which the Prince of Wales travelled from Halifax to London on the 6th of August narrowly escaped the fate of the Lynn excursion train. At the Helplons crossing, where both the Highland and Great Northern lines intersect the road, an attempt was made to drive a bullock across the Great Northern line. The gates, it seems, are only a single pair, and when open to the road are also open to the line, so that there is no protection for anything passing. In the present instance the bullock, which was being driven along, was rather wild, as single bullocks frequently are when separated from the herd. Two or three servants stood on one side of the crossing to prevent its going down the line, and the gateman himself stood on the other side, so that it should not get up the line. In spite of these precautions, however, the bullock gave the gateman the slip, and trotted complacently along the metal. Almost at this moment the royal express train dashed past, striking the animal behind, and happily throwing it off the line, so that any further accident was avoided.—*Peterborough Advertiser*.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

[From *Le Follet*.]

ALTHOUGH the winter toilettes have scarcely begun to make their appearance, we are able to give some very decided information as to what will be fashionable for the coming season. High bodies will be exclusively confined to morning dress. For at home, dinner, or evening dress, fichus or lace vests will be worn over low bodies. The vest camille, or trimmings placed on the body so as to imitate it, is still much in vogue. Many corsages for negligee dresses will be made with positions basques, especially in those trimmed in jacket fashion, so as to form a waistcoat in front. The dresses made in the princess style, body and skirt in one piece, will be much used for visiting dresses made of rich materials. Full evening dresses will be as much, or, if possible, more trimmed than ever. Skirts are still made very long, and very full at the bottom. Plaid is for the present quite the rage; whether it will continue to reign much longer is a question we cannot answer. Paleots of velvet cloth, brown, or grey, nearly fitting to the figure, trimmed with galons, are worn by ladies of fashion. Lace and guipure are greatly in favour, for trimming as they have been of late. Feathers will be much used in trimming moire or velvet dresses. Amongst the toilette we describe this month some will be found excellent models for winter dresses. A robe of pearl-grey taffetas, with a flounce round the bottom, between five and six inches in width, in hollow plaits, and put on with a band of violet of the same width, which is formed into trimming in the shape of large shamrocks put very closely together, and edged round with lace. The body is made with a double point and piped with velvet; the sleeve, half open, quite long, and narrowed at the bottom, is trimmed round the bottom with a flat band of velvet, and velvet shamrocks on the back, matching with the design on the skirt, but of smaller dimensions. A Gabriel collar of violet velvet. The lingerie accompanying this toilette should be small tight sleeves of organdie, with an embroidered wristband and two trills of Valenciennes lace, and a lace to match standing up round the throat. The newest bonnets are more moderate in shape, and therefore more becoming. Many of them have soft crowns, although these are certainly not suited to the style in which the hair is now worn. Crape and velvet, black silk and plaid velvet, plush and satin, are to be fashionable materials. We have seen some elegant bonnets made of white plush, and trimmed with plaid velvet and jet fringe. This has a charming effect, and will, we expect, be much adopted. Another white plush bonnet had the curtain of crepe lisse, edged with plush. A flat bow of plush, placed at the side of the crown, mixed with a bouquet of begonias in white velvet. The same flowered inside, in a pouf of crepe lisse. A band of white ribbon across the head; strings of the same; or front of the bouquet of white tulle, soft crown, and curtain of coloured plush; a bouquet of velvet flowers to match the plush. The inside trimmed with a pouf of black lace and a bouquet of flowers. White satin strings. We conclude our remarks on bonnets with one more of crape, and plush of a light drab colour; silk curtain to match; at the side a flat bow of double silk, from which falls a long ostrich feather. The same tint fringed with plumes de coq, black and white. Inside, a flat edge of blue velvet, and quilling of the same, with a bouquet of brown grass attached by a bow of blue velvet, and black lace. Strings of blue satin ribbon. Some very pretty head-dresses are formed of Chantilly lace over a net, surmounted with a diadem of white lilac, and on one side a small black bird with white wings, which are so beautifully made as to shake continually. A very charming little cap was made of black lace, with frill all round, and on the top a bow of violet ribbon with grass in jet.

THE BISHOP AND THE CLERGY.—At the public dinner which took place in the Town Hall of Burslem, to celebrate the laying of the foundation-stone of the Wedgwood Institute by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the chairman, Lord Granville, proposed the toast of "The Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese and the Ministers of other Denominations," coupling with it the names of the Bishop of Lichfield and the Rev. J. Blackwell, a Dissenting minister. The Bishop of Lichfield, in responding, said he felt proud to be coupled in the toast with the ministers of other denominations, and he was also glad to acknowledge the good which those ministers were doing in places where even the Church of England clergy could not reach the people. These liberal views of the good old prelate called forth expressions of the most hearty concurrence from the company, and they were cordially reciprocated by the Rev. J. Blackwell. At this stage of the proceedings, however, the apple of discord was thrown on the scene by the rector of Burslem, Mr. Woodall, the secretary of the committee, said he had now a duty to perform, rather than discharge which he would gladly have exchanged places with the policeman at the door, for he had to announce a protest against the toast from the rector of Burslem, on the ground, it was understood, of the association with it of the ministers of other denominations. The announcement called forth very strong expressions of disapprobation, and it was ultimately decided that the communication did not merit even the courtesy of being read. The secretary, therefore, gladly withdrew from the indignity which he expressed himself subjected to in being requested to bring it before the meeting.

General News.

THE *Lemberg Gazette* mentions a new plan adopted by the Russians against the Poles. The patrols charged to scour the forests take with them a number of large dogs of different breeds, to assist them in discovering the insurgents scattered about in the woods, or concealed among the low brushwood. Those animals cause great alarm to the Poles.

A JOURNAL of Valencia, deploring the disaster which has happened to Nadar's balloon, adds:—"Fortunately for science, our townsman, M. Dombort, continues his labours, and will leave this place in the early part of January in flying through the air. He will confer immense honour on his country, and excite the envy of foreign nations."

THE *Cologne Gazette* states that one of the keepers of the wild beasts in the Zoological Gardens of that city lost his life three days ago through an act of foolhardy temerity committed in violation of the regulations of the establishment. Fancying that he had obtained complete mastery over the bear, he invited a number of his acquaintances to see him enter the bear-pit, and take his breakfast along with its occupants. He began his performance by advancing towards a bear, commanding him to come and take a piece of bread which he held between his teeth. The bread happened to fall on the ground, and when the keeper attempted to prevent the bear from picking it up, the animal sprang forward, seized him by the neck, and strangled him in a moment. Before the body could be withdrawn from the pit, it was found necessary to fire several shots at the bear.

MR. SPENCER CLARKE has been elected coroner for Hampshire.

A LETTER in the *Frankfort Journal* says that the Queen of England has promised to reside again next year at Coburg. Her Majesty hopes to be present at the inauguration of the statue of Prince Albert on the 26th of August, 1864.

A DISCOVERY of some historical importance has just been made in Paris. The bones of Robespierre, St. Just, and Lebas were found by some masons who were laying the foundation of a house at the corner of the Rue de Rocher, in the Batignolles. It was there the remains of these men, who performed so remarkable a part in the first Revolution, were deposited, the churchyard of the Madeleine being too full at the time of their execution to receive any more corpses. Public balls were held for many years at the place where the skeletons were discovered.

M. and MADAME NADAR have arrived in Paris from Hanover, having travelled in a railway carriage provided with beds.

PREPARATIONS for the court-martial on Lieutenant-Colonel Crawley continue to be actively made at Aldershot. No official notification has yet been issued fixing the opening day of the trial; but, as several officers of the Enniskillens have leave of absence until the 10th inst., it is not probable that the court-martial will commence its proceedings until after that date.

A NEW church is to be erected in the north part of the parish of Holy Trinity, Paddington, and an eligible site has been secured at the east end of Woodchester-street, and near the west end of Delamere-terrace and the Paddington Canal. It is said that there is scarcely any part of London where there is greater spiritual destitution than in this neighbourhood. About £1,150 have been subscribed; but to provide for the site and endowment will alone require about £2,500 more than the promises received.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury has collated the Rev. Josiah Bateman, rector of North Cray, Kent, to an Honorary Canonry in the Cathedral Church of Canterbury.

AN unaccountable outrage has just been committed near Worcester. As Mrs. Barnes, who resides in a lonely cottage near the river Severn, about two miles from Worcester, was washing in her house about ten o'clock in the morning, a man respectfully dressed entered the cottage, and without any warning knocked her down with a bludgeon, and beat her savagely about the head till she became insensible. He then left her. On recovering her senses, the poor woman gave the alarm to her neighbours, but no trace could be found of the assailant. A person answering the description of the ruffian was seen about the same time by the side of the river, and shortly after was suddenly missed. It was thought he was a lunatic, and has drowned himself. Mrs. Barnes was conveyed to Worcester Infirmary.

La France gives its readers an elaborate description of the dresses worn by the Empress at Madrid. At the diplomatic dinner her Imperial Majesty wore a blue velvet turban studded with diamonds, and from the back of which fell upon her neck ribbons to match, studded with the same kind of jewels. Round her neck was the famous pearl necklace which she generally wears at the Court balls at the Tuilleries, and which Winterhalter has so often painted. The Empress's corsage was also of blue velvet, studded with diamonds, and her white tulle skirt was garnished with such ribbons as those which adorned her head-dress. The Queen of Spain wore a white moire antique and the finest pearls and diamonds in her possession.

AN English gentleman writes from Mexico as follows:—"The following incident occurred this week at the station of the Pachuca Railroad. A Mexican girl—pretty and well-dressed—was preparing to alight from the carriage, when a French officer and a Mexican officer, in a spic and span new uniform, offered their hands to assist her in alighting. The lady said, 'Entre un invasor y un traidor prefiero el primero' (Between an invader and a traitor I prefer the invader), and gave her hand to the Frenchman. The Mexican started as if he had been shot, his hat fell off, and he stood for some seconds perfectly stupefied."

A NEW YORK letter says:—"A very curious piece of information, of a Russian character, has been let loose by General Lesosky, or some other of the nation's guests. He says that just before his late magnificent master, the Emperor Nicholas, died, he expressed his sentiments to a weeping group of relations and admirers upon the condition of the Great Powers of Europe, and Asia, and America, and in alluding, with tears in his eyes, to the splendid United States, he said, 'Let my children never forget what they owe to America; and if ever an hour of danger darkens around the Union, let her find a faithful ally in my family.' Immediately after that he died. Alexander, his dutiful son, is now carrying out the wishes of his late father by sending such a raft of Russian timber into this port."

It is said that Blondin has joined in partnership with a Mr. Coleman, as wine merchant. The business will shortly be commenced in Oxford-street, under the firm of Coleman and Company.

MR. ALDERMAN LAWRENCE, the Lord Mayor elect, was formally presented to the Lord Chancellor on Monday, being the first day of term, in accordance with an ancient custom, to receive an expression of her Majesty's approbation, through Lord Westbury, of his election as chief magistrate of London for the ensuing year. The civic authorities, including the Sheriffs of London, Mr. Alderman Gibbons and Mr. Alderman James Lawrence, the common serjeant, the town clerk, the comptroller, the under sheriffs, the City solicitor and other principal members of the corporation, escorted Mr. Lawrence from Guildhall to the residence of the Chancellor, at Hyde-park-gardens.

THE question is constantly asked, which is the best sewing machine? The answer we give is that which will do best the greatest variety of work. Most will do nothing but plain sewing; but there are some which equally apply to plain and ornamental work. Those of Newton, Wilson, & Co., of 144, High Holborn, are the best of this description.—[Advertisement]

THE POLISH INSURRECTION.

A correspondent of the *Czas*, writing from Volhynia, says:—

"The pro-consul of Volhynia (Prince Drucki-Sokolinski), having gathered at a banquet the peasants who had most distinguished themselves in the massacres in this province during the months of May and June last, addressed them in the following speech:—"The Emperor has instructed me to express to you his gratitude for your conduct. He thanks you, and makes you proprietors at the expense of the Polish nobles. This, however, is not the only benefit which the Czar proposes to confer upon you, if you will aid him in the future by the suppression and extermination of the Polish nobles who have revolted against him. The authorities would not even claim from you the price of your farm, if the Poles had not claimed it. When the last of the latter shall have disappeared, you will be completely freed from this onerous and useless burden. Thank God there are no Poles among you,—you are all Russians, my friends, are you not?" To this demand, thrice repeated, the peasants only replied by an obstinate silence. At length one of them rose up and said, 'We were peasants—now we are proprietors.' A Muscovite functionary, vice-president of the fiscal committee, who was present at this assembly, was not ashamed to offer the following toast: 'Let us drink to the extermination of the Polish population in the government of Volhynia.' The governor, Prince Drucki, applauded this toast, which nevertheless disgusted even the Russians; whilst the bishop of the Russian rite of the diocese of Gtomir immediately protested in the following terms: 'I loudly protest against such words; we must not forget, gentlemen, that there are good people among the Poles. God curse to the seventh generation those who raise their hands against their benefactors; and a great number of your old proprietors were indeed benefactors to you.' Notwithstanding this protest, several toasts were drunk to the extermination of the Poles and the Catholics. Drucki, after having embraced several of the peasants, took them to a Russian dramatic representation played by amateurs, and appropriate to the sense of the above toasts. The piece, however, had but a poor success, as the peasants, recognising themselves on the stage, thought they were being ridiculed. The peasants understand by the advances made towards them that their aid is necessary, and they fear lest the Russians, when once their end is attained, will recur to the employment of the lash."

A HEARTLESS SCOUNDREL.

At the Salford Sessions, William Broadbent was charged with stealing, at Rochdale, on the 21st of March, a quantity of wearing apparel and £8 in money, the property of Eliza Thorpe. The prosecutrix was one of a family residing at Cotehill, near Halifax. The father was engaged in a mill, and the prosecutrix and another sister earned a living by dressmaking. On the 30th of January, this year, the prisoner called at the house of the prosecutrix, and asked to see her father; he waited until Mr. Thorpe came in, and then told him he was in partnership with his brother in a mill at Sowerby Bridge, and he wanted Mr. Thorpe to come and work for him. At the same time he should not require Mr. Thorpe's services for several months. Before he left the house that night he asked prosecutrix if she kept company with any one; and on his second visit he asked her to keep company with him. The prisoner kept company with Miss Thorpe until March, when he took her with him to Bradford, under the pretence of ordering some machinery for his mill. About the same time he borrowed £12 from Miss Thorpe, for the purpose, as he alleged, of paying some of his workmen. When they were at Bradford, he took Miss Thorpe to see a friend of his of the name of Fox; they had tea with Fox and his wife, and she returned the same night home. Afterwards the prisoner said trade was so bad he was going to sell his share in the mill to his brother, and wanted Miss Thorpe to go with him to America. She consented. They afterwards again went to Bradford, and saw Fox. Upon that occasion the prisoner told them he and Miss Thorpe were about to be married, and were going to America; and Fox proposed that he should accompany them, and that his wife should follow. This was agreed to. Miss Thorpe packed up her best clothes in a box, and £8 in money; and on the 21st of March she, the prisoner, and Fox, proceeded to the Sowerby Bridge Railway Station, as she thought, to go to Liverpool. Her sister went with her to the station and saw them off. It was arranged that they were to go direct to Liverpool, and be married there, sailing to America the same week. The prisoner and Fox, however, got out at Rochdale; and the prisoner told her she must also get out, as they wanted to see some of his friends before they left the country. Her box was taken out, and they all went to the Weavers' Arms, kept by Mr. Shepherd. That same night prisoner and Fox broke open Miss Thorpe's box, took her money, and pledged and sold all her clothes. The prisoner and Miss Thorpe slept together that night and the following night. They reached Rochdale on the 21st, and on the 24th they came on to Manchester. She asked where her box was, and they said it had been despatched to Liverpool, so as to save their being bothered with it. At Manchester the prisoner slept one night with Miss Thorpe, and the following morning Fox disappeared. The prisoner said he would go and see what had become of Fox, and went out, but never returned. After waiting several hours Miss Thorpe began to suspect something was wrong, and went out to look for the prisoner. She did not find him; and, being alarmed, thought he might have gone to Rochdale, and so she determined to walk there. On reaching that town she went to the Weavers' Arms, and found that neither the prisoner nor Fox had been there. She then became so distracted as not to know what she did, and in that state of mind entered several shops in succession, and stole articles of wearing apparel. She was taken up immediately by the police, and the following morning refused to say anything about herself, pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to two months' imprisonment, which she served in the New Bailey. On coming out she was taken home by her sister. A few days afterwards she went to Rochdale, and applied for a warrant against Fox, who was tried at the July sessions, and sentenced to three years' penal servitude. The prisoner Broadbent was in custody at the time for another offence. The jury returned a verdict of "Guilty." The Chairman told the prisoner that the jury had very properly found him guilty of this most scandalous offence, and there could not be a doubt as to the diabolical scheme practised upon the young woman, who had been the principal witness, whereby she had been robbed of everything she possessed, deprived of her honour, and then left in a most base manner by the prisoner. The prisoner had been imprisoned on three previous occasions; once for neglect of his wife and family, and twice for obtaining money under false pretences. The court would not be doing its duty to the public if it did not carry out the extreme penalty of the law. The prisoner was, therefore, sentenced to seven years' penal servitude.

MURDER OF A NOBLEMAN.—Count Giovanni Willeken, a native of Fosen, but who has for some years past resided at Naples, has just been murdered by his servant. This last, after having accomplished the crime, quietly walked out, telling the house porter that his master was dead, and that he was going to give notice to the authorities. As he did not return within half an hour, the porter went up to the count's apartment, and found him lying on the ground, dead, and with several wounds in his throat, apparently inflicted with a knife. The servant has not yet been arrested. As no property had been taken from the room it is supposed that the motive for the crime was political. The count was upwards of seventy years of age, and was correspondent to the *Anglo-British Gazette*.

A RAILWAY STATION BLOWN DOWN.

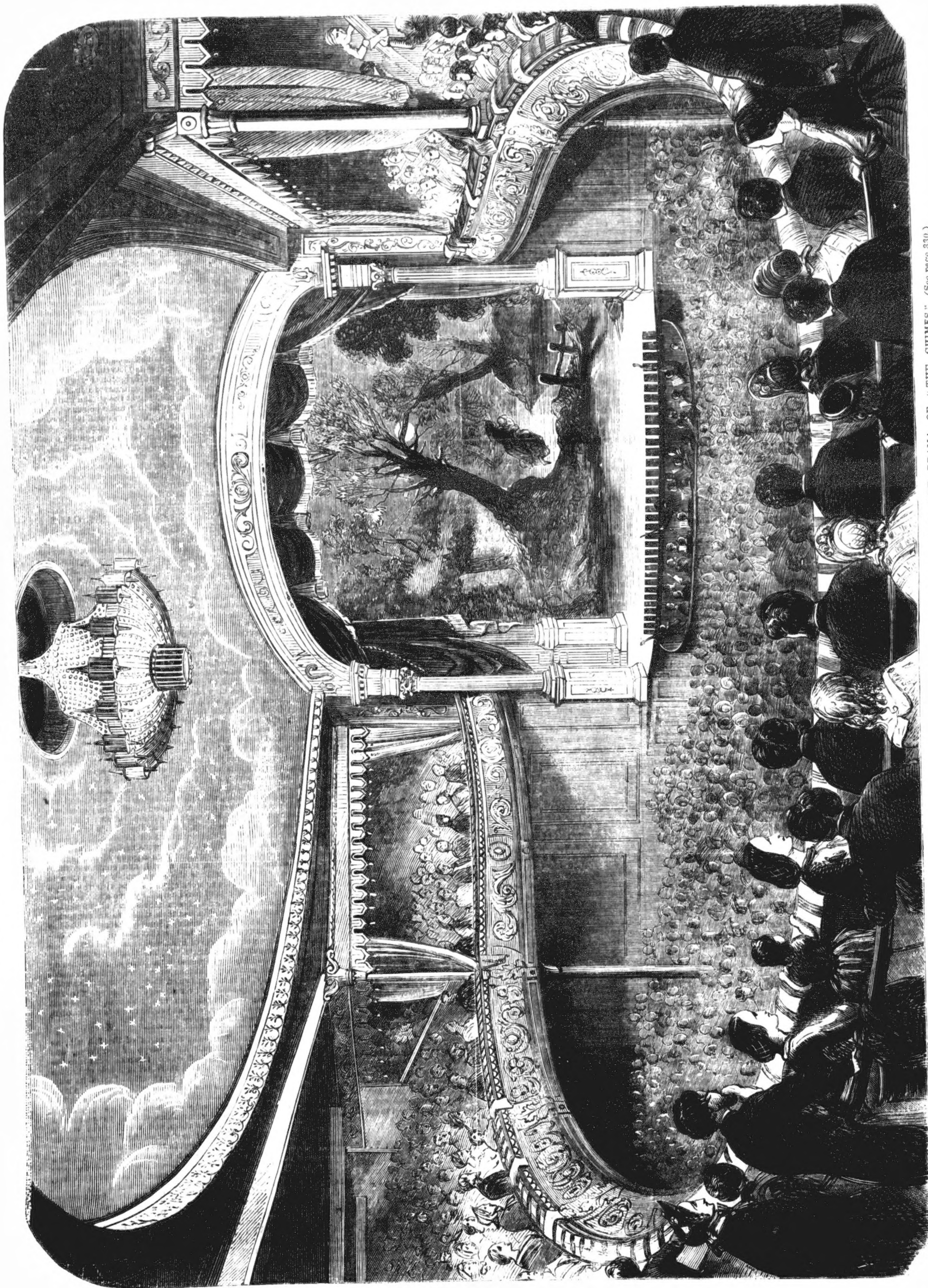
MR. W. CARTER, coroner for Surrey, held an inquest on Monday afternoon at the Railway Tavern, New-cross, on the body of Henry William Woodrow, aged twenty-three, the engine-fitter in the employ of the London and Brighton Railway Company, who was killed by the falling of a building at the New-cross Station during the gale of the previous Friday. The jury visited the scene of the accident and found the building in ruins. Edward Bowyer Giles, tailor, 16, Nassau-street, Middlesex Hospital, identified the body of deceased as that of his nephew. He was unmarried, and twenty-three years of age. John White said he was an engine-driver, and on the afternoon of Friday he was engaged in the shed in question upon his engine. Witness was at work at the front end of the engine, and the deceased was engaged in screwing on a nut near the buffer of the engine on the right side. At this time, which was half-past three or a quarter to four, witness saw some pieces of coke and dirty waste used in cleaning the engines blowing with great velocity round the front of the shed. There was only one entrance to the shed, and three double doors. The witness saw two of the double doors open, and these were blown about. A very sharp blast of wind came into the shed, and while in the pit he saw several slates leave the roof at the entry to the shed, and then at least one-half the roof lifted up. Witness, together with his fireman and another fitter, ran under the engine, but had scarcely got there before he heard a crash, and found the engine sinking under. Previous to this witness saw deceased leaning over the buffer of the engine, with his back to the wall. On the dust and steam clearing away he found that the roof of the building had been blown off, and that the walls had fallen down. That on the south-west side had fallen in, and the other had fallen outwards. After a time witness saw the deceased, who was partly on the platform, where he had been standing, bent forward, with his head towards the engine-pit, apparently jammed in with the weight of the fallen wall. There was blood about the head and face of the deceased, and when released he was quite dead. The engine was forced off the rail on the right hand side, and the wheels forced away from the box. If it had fallen more witness and the other men under the engine must have been crushed to death. The building, in witness's opinion, was substantial, and he could only attribute its fall to the extraordinary gust of wind he had described. Mr. Joseph Craven, assistant-locomotive superintendent to the London and Brighton Railway Company, said, about twenty-five or twenty minutes to four on the afternoon in question, he was in a building at the station known as the stores' room. Hearing a heavy rumbling noise he ran out, and saw that the shed spoken of had fallen. One side wall fell inwards and the other outwards, with the roof lying in the ruins, which were scattered across the up Croydon lines of rails. Having held up both his hands as a signal to stop all traffic over those lines of rails, he ran into the shed. The Coroner here observed that he thought it was useless to pursue the inquiry further, as the cause of the accident was clearly an event no human foresight could have guarded against. The jury unanimously concurred in the observations, and returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

THE IRON-PLATED PRINCE CONSORT IN A GALE.

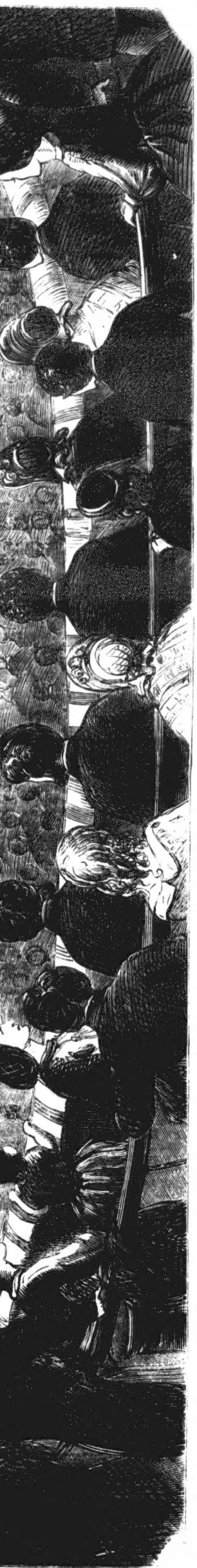
THE following is a letter from an officer of the Prince Consort:—"Her Majesty's ship Prince Consort on Monday last was in the first-class steam reserve at Devonport, and reported ready for sea in the middle of November, but a pressing emergency required that she should be sent round to Liverpool with all despatch. At seven a.m. on Tuesday Captain Vessey and 400 officers and men were placed on board her, and at one p.m. she was in all respects (save having her compasses adjusted) ready for sea. About one, however, the orders were countermanded, and the men and officers left her, but, receiving fresh orders, returned again, and at five p.m. the Prince Consort was in the Sound. Next morning, after having been swung for deviations, she went to sea. She certainly showed that night that she could roll; but, though rolling deeply, she rolls easily. On Thursday, while steaming up the Irish Channel, a gale from the north-west gradually arose. She was then under topsails, foresail, and fore and aft sails, and using half her steam power. By five p.m., when within twenty-five miles off Holyhead, the gale was furious, and the sea very high. Under these circumstances it would have been running a fearful risk for an immense vessel like the Prince Consort to have been run for a small harbour like Holyhead; the sails were, therefore, furled, and the frigate put head to sea, and towards Ireland. For the last three hours she had been labouring, and (although battered down) taking in much water. With her head to sea the ship's magnificent engines were very thoroughly tested, and they drove this enormous mass of matter six knots at first, and eight knots afterwards an hour, in the face of a very strong gale. At six p.m. it was reported that the water was within a few inches of the fire. All the pumps, including the steam pump, were immediately set to work, but the water continued slowly but gradually to increase. Every effort was made to discover the leak, but without success. About midnight, when the men, who had been six hours at the pumps and nearly twenty-four hours at work, and without food from noon, began to show signs of exhaustion. Howth lights were made, and at 12.30 the ship was anchored. The men had then a glass of grog served them, went at the pumps again with a will, and continued there until two p.m. In the meantime the steam pump was taken to pieces, put to rights, and set to work again; and at two the ship's company were allowed a rest of two hours. By five a.m. the steam pump had reduced the water eighteen inches, and all immediate anxiety was removed. The ship was then taken to an anchorage off Kingstown. At the time of writing (Sunday afternoon), she has only the usual quantity of water in her that may in ordinary circumstances be expected in a ship of her description. All the stories of her having her guns, boats, &c., adrift, are totally untrue. One unfortunate man had his leg fractured by a piece of funnel-casing falling on him, and seven or eight men were more or less bruised, but not dangerously, by being thrown off their legs during the gale. The water that the ship took in over all, and by leakage through the ports, was very great, but it is hardly account for the vast mass of water that was in her, and as yet the cause is not known, but it will not long remain a mystery."

EXPLOSION OF PETROLEUM.—On the night of the 9th ult., as the schooner Orion, of Hamilton, with a cargo of petroleum, was proceeding along the Welland canal, one of the men went into the hold with a lamp in his hand, and there being a hole or broken place through which the gas generated by the oil had made its way, as explosion took place, which was heard for miles around. All on board were blown into the air, and fell into the canal, and the captain and three of the men were drowned. Before they could reach the shore, the flames had communicated with the petroleum on the surface of the water about them, and which burnt with a fierceness and strength fully equal to "Greek fire." The captain struggled manfully to save his life, but in the midst of his struggles, surrounded by fire and water, he sank to rise no more. Though his struggles were witnessed by many persons who lined the precipitous banks of the canal, with ropes at hand to save the sufferers, they could not possibly give them the least assistance.

A CAPITAL WRITING-CASE for 2s. (or free by post for twenty-eight stamps), fitted with Writing-paper, Envelopes, Pencils, and Pens, Biotting-book, &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for utility, durability, and cheapness. 250,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKES and GORRO, 25, Oxford-street, London, and all Stationers.—[Advertisement.]



THE INTERIOR OF THE LIFFINGHAM THEATRE, WHITECHAPEL, AND SCENE FROM THE DRAMA OF "THE CHIMES." (See page 330.)



THE INTERIOR OF THE LITINGHAM THEATRE, WHITECHAPEL, AND SCENE FROM THE DRAMA OF "THE CHIMES." (See page 330.)



"COMING THROUGH THE RYE." (See page 330.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

DRURY LANE.—The course of "Manfred" still keeps on its successful way, and nightly fills the house. On Monday the tragedy was preceded by the comediatta of "John Dobbs," introducing another scion of a family well known for their histrionic genius, Mr. G. F. Neville who was most favourably received, and for whom we imagine there is a brilliant career in store. The entertainments now close with a new farce by Mr. Oxenford, called "Beauty or the Beast," which is likewise perfectly successful.

LYCEUM.—"Bel Demonio," a love story, which has been so long heralded in advertisement columns, and on the wooden walls of the metropolis, was produced on the occasion of the opening of this elegant theatre, on Saturday, with a success that bids fair to render it more popular than the celebrated "Duke's Motto," with which Mr. Fechter opened and continued throughout the whole of his first campaign last season. The house was densely crowded immediately on its opening by an audience that included the most eminent representatives of the world of fashion, science, and literature. Great improvements in the stage arrangements have taken place during the recess by the introduction of a successful mechanical invention, for some time past employed in Paris. The "grooves" and "flies" in which the "wings" and "flats" were kept in their allotted places, are now altogether superseded by "cuttings," which enable the whole of the scenery to be worked by iron tramways underneath the stage. The row of footlights, hitherto one of the most cherished associations of the playgoer, entirely disappears from sight, though the necessary illumination is still thrown up from below. This is effected by means of a depression of the stage, which from the back slopes downward to the "flats." The canvas "border," that hitherto have represented the theatrical sky, divided into parallel lines, or scooped out in a series of semicircular arches, are no longer wanted. Instead, we can have each scene domed in so as to more naturally represent the wide-spreading canopy of heaven, or the compact ceiling of a chamber. The stage-footman, who was generally "out of place" whenever he appeared, is dismissed altogether from service at this establishment; and the duties he used to undertake are less obtrusively discharged by mechanical appliances that will at least free the scene from the periodical incursion of those irritating green coats and plush breeches that retarded an impatient audience, waiting to be moved by the acting, that the furniture left by the last tenant of the apartment had to be moved first. The scene of the drama is laid in the neighbourhood of Rome, and the period 1580. At this time the Colonna and the Orsini, two great families of the Roman States, are striving for supremacy, and the scene is expected hourly to name the successor to the moribund Gregory XIII. Angelo (Mr. Fechter), though ignorant of his origin when we make his acquaintance in the first scene as a young artist, is the son of one Brachiaforte, a popular leader in Italy, who has been some years before basely assassinated by one of the Orsini. Angelo has won the affections of Lena, daughter of Count Campireali, the head of the Colonna faction, and it is her portrait on which he repeatedly bestows his skill. When the last picture in which her form appears is destroyed by the haughty brother of Lena, who has traced him to his studio among the abbey ruins, he is stung by the taunts of the noble without feeling the power to fling them off as undeserved. A bluff soldier, who, in accordance with the last request of the dying patriot, has been the protector of his son, tells Angelo the secret of his birth, and that his station is equal to that of those who have despised him. Thus encouraged, he boldly visits the Campireali Palace, and demands the hand of his beloved Lena from her father. The count has resolved that she shall wed one of the Orsini, so as to unite the two families; and as Lena openly declares her love for Angelo, an attempt is made by the Colonnas to get rid of the son in the same expeditionary way the Orsini disposed of his father. Angelo, however, foils them at every turn; and proves himself a true hero as well as an expert marksman, by contenting himself with knocking off the hat of his antagonist when he might have penetrated the heart with his bullet; marries the lovely Lena by an ingenious stratagem; beholds her forced from him to be immured in a convent; becomes, under the name of Bel Demonio, the leader of a band of Zingari, and finally rescues his beloved bride from the crypt of the chapel where she has been laid among the dead. The troop under his command at the same time stream into the abbey, which they have undermined, and thus frustrate the renewed attempts at seizure by the Colonna guard, whilst an unexpected ally is found in the shrewd old Cardinal Montalto, who suddenly throws off the appearance he had assumed of feebleness and ill health, and, as the guns of St. Angelo proclaim that he has been nominated Pope he declares, as Sixtus V, he has the power, as he had long had the will, to secure their happiness. Angelo, the hero of the drama, whose varied accomplishments, cool courage and deep devotion are so repeatedly displayed under such a variety of circumstances, is precisely that type of romantic chivalry in the delineation of which Mr. Fechter excels. All that he does is calculated to excite his audience to enthusiastic admiration from the stirring nature of the feats performed. Miss Kate Terry, who last season so charmed the audience by her intelligent acting, has made a rapid stride in her art by her exquisite performance of Lena, the object of Angelo's devoted love. The refined grace and deep tenderness with which she imbued a character that required the most delicate touch to preserve its charming poetic beauty unimpaired, can hardly be spoken of in terms of too warm eulogy. Miss Elsworth gave a dignity to the character of her mother, the Countess Campireali, that was of great value to the effect of the drama; and Mr. Jordan, as the Count, ably assisted to maintain the stately haughtiness of the Colonna family. In the Cardinal Montalto, Mr. John Brougham showed that he had thoroughly studied the traditional character of the wily and ambitious Felix Peretti, who stands a real historical figure among the group of imaginary personages. The look, the walk, the voice perfectly supported the semblance of that declining power which deceived the astute concave, and raised him to the papal chair; and his throwing off the deception and suddenly returning to health and vigour as soon as his object was attained, was most effectively exhibited. Mr. Emery, who made his first appearance since his return from America, played the bluff soldier and faithful friend Ranuccio, with a blunt characteristic humour that was exceedingly well suited to his style; and the scene in the guard-room—where Mr. Fechter, by the way, gives us a pleasing specimen of his vocal powers—was capitally acted. The scenery, for which the new stage affords unusual advantages, comprised a series of remarkably picturesque "sets," cleverly painted by Mr. Gates, and the superiority of the flat ceiling for the interiors, to the old borders formerly used, was strikingly manifest. The exterior of the inn which opens the second act, and where a tarantella introduces a small but efficient corps de ballet, the mountain torrent, into which Angelo falls from a height that entitles Mr. Fechter to add to his accomplishments that of the acrobat, and the chapel crypt that forms the final tableau, are perfect specimens of stage illusion. The new system of lighting the stage, and the withdrawal of the footlights from view, must be pronounced decidedly worthy of imitation in every other theatre. "Bel Demonio" is emphatically a marked success.

OLYMPIC.—"A Conjugal Lesson" has this week followed the performance of the popular "Ticket-of-Leave Man," Mr. Atkins and Mrs. Leigh Murray taking the characters formerly played by Mr. Robson and Mrs. Stirling.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Mr. German Reel has come amongst us for the approaching season with a novel entertainment, entitled an "Opera di Camera," in which we are to have a succession of operas produced on an unprecedentedly small scale—in fact, an opera in a drawing-room. The first production, which was performed on Monday, is called "Jenny Lea" the characters in which are sustained by four persons only. The orchestra is a single piano. The piece is written by Mr. Oxenford, and the music is written by Mr. J. Macfarren. The language is, of course, excellent, as usual with Mr. Oxenford's efforts, and the music points out its author as one of the first composers of the day. The opera is a perfect success.

EFFINGHAM THEATRE.

THEATRES, in common with other edifices and works of art, have their rise and fall—their vicissitudes, and their gradual progress, from (very often) a plain, unpretending building, to an edifice of extent and magnificence. With respect to vicissitudes and gradual improvement, none stand more prominently forward than the theatre of which the engraving on page 328 is a faithful picture.

The Royal Effingham Theatre of the present day is situated in the Whitechapel-road, on the same site, and within three hundred yards of the London Hospital; and was known some twenty years ago, as the Effingham Saloon. It was at this time under the direction of Mr. H. Sims, and was little more than a small concert-room, chiefly frequented by sailors, the entertainments being of a mixed character, consisting of singing, ballets, and broad farces, and not at all calculated to raise its position in the estimation of the public. After this a slight attempt was made by Mr. Sims to improve it, and it gradually assumed the appearance of a small theatre, but it was unrecognised amongst the regular buildings of this class, and gradually declined. In course of time it fell into the hands of Mr. James Elphinstone, who, being at the same time manager of the Pavilion Theatre, preferred keeping it closed to the chance of its injuring its opposite opponent. It lay thus dormant for some years, and had sunk so low in the estimation of the public that few managers could be found bold enough to risk the chances of its management. It was reserved for the enterprise and energy of the present proprietor, Mr. Morris Abrahams, to resuscitate it from its oblivion. It was considered a bold step at the commencement. How he has succeeded its present prosperity is the best proof.

On Mr. Morris Abrahams assuming the proprietorship, he commenced the work of reformation at once. The first alteration was made in 1857, by Messrs. Corbet and Holding, of Lambeth at which time the theatre would contain 900 persons. The second was effected by Messrs. King and Stainer, in 1859, the theatre being then enlarged to hold 1,800, exactly double the quantity it held previously. The third and last alteration was completed in 1861, when it was made capable of containing 2,500 persons, licensed by the Lord Chamberlain, and opened as a royal theatre; the expense incurred in the several alterations and improvements amounting to about £10,000. The stage department is second to none in London, the machinery being of the most convenient and perfect kind. The pieces are placed upon the stage, without regard to expenditure, in a manner reflecting the highest credit on the management. Novelties are certainly produced in rapid succession, the artistes employed most judiciously selected, and the whole establishment now stands in a secure position, most deservedly gained by the untiring efforts and energy of Mr. Morris Abrahams, the proprietor. At the present time a drama, second in interest to none that we have for a long period witnessed, is being performed here, entitled, "The Chimes, or the Broken Heart," which has been dramatized from the highly popular tale now appearing in the world-renowned publication, "Bow Bells." It has been placed upon the stage with great liberality, and the enterprising lessee is reaping his due reward in densely crowded houses.

A KING INCOGNITO.

A LETTER from Rome has the following:—
"The King of Bavaria's mode of arrival in the dominions of his Holiness has furnished another topic of conversation for the lovers of such anecdotes. It appears that his Majesty, who is by no means a good sailor, had engaged a steamer of the Valery Company to convey him and his suite to Civita Vecchia, but the stormy weather he encountered obliged the captain to seek refuge in a Corsican port. On resuming the voyage, the sea being still very rough, the King felt so unwell that he insisted on being put on shore as soon as land could be made, and consequently he disembarked with a single aide-de-camp on the flat coast between Corneto and Civita Vecchia, at about nine miles from the latter town, leaving his suite to proceed there with the steamer. On touching terra firma, his Majesty's sea-sickness gave way to a wholesome appetite, to satisfy which, however, was not an easy matter on so desolate a coast, especially as at the first ostia he reached the available viands of the establishment, consisting chiefly of eggs, had been previously engaged by another foreign gentleman, who had come so far from Civita Vecchia on a shooting excursion. Mine host made an appeal to his first guest in favour of his two more recently arrived ones, who, of course, preserved a strict incognito, and the result was that the omelette was cheerfully shared between the three travellers, the good fellowship originating at the meal being continued along the road, which they pursued on foot, smoking the pipe of friendship until the bastions of Civita Vecchia were in sight. The King then inquired the sportsman's name to whom he was indebted for his morning's meal. The sportsman cheerfully told his name, and inquired in return who it was that had favoured him by sharing his omelette. 'I am the King of Bavaria,' replied his guest, very simply; and, shaking hands with his astounded entertainer, left him to relate his unexpected rencontre to his friends, whilst his Majesty with his aide-de-camp proceeded to the palace of Monsignore Delegate."

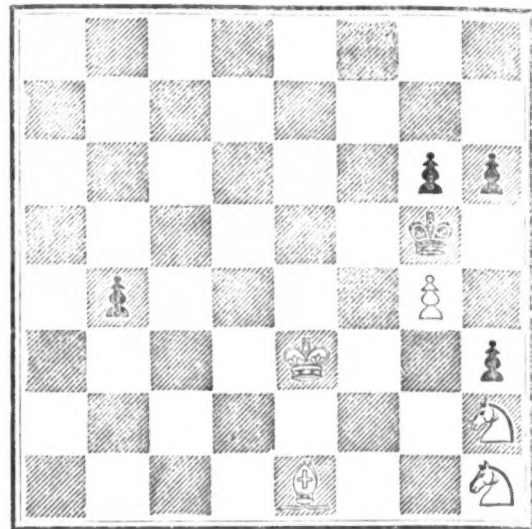
BIRTH IN A RAILWAY TRAIN.—On Tuesday evening, while one of the ordinary trains from Hull was running between that place and Scarborough, it was rumoured amongst the passengers that the birth of a child in one of the carriages was not an improbable contingency. Dr. Bailey, of Scarborough, was fortunately a passenger by the train, and at one of the road stations, having discovered the patient, he very humanely and kindly transferred himself to her carriage, and, before reaching Scarborough, he safely delivered the poor woman of a fine boy. On arriving at Scarborough, the mother and child were placed under the care of Mrs. Wells, at the station refreshment rooms.—*Yorkshire Gazette.*

FOR COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, SORE THROATS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, AND CONSUMPTION, HALL'S LUNG RESTORER IS PRESENT. Mr. Thomas Watson, Radcliffe-bridge, says:—"For fifty years I have been constantly racked by what has been pronounced an incurable cough. Never found relief until I tried your Lung Restorer. The first teaspoonful gave me more ease than I had ever experienced. I continued to take it, and am now quite well.—Sold by most chemists, in bottles, at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each; or sent to any address for Fourteen. Thirty-three, Fifty-four, or 132 stamps, by T. Hall, chemist, 6, Commercial-street, London, N.E.—[Advertisement.]

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Dr. H. James, a retired physician, continues to mail, free of charge to all who desire it, the copy of the prescription by which his daughter was restored to perfect health from confirmed consumption, after having been given up by the physicians and despaired of by her father. Sent free to all on receipt of one stamp. Address, O. P. Brown, Secretary, No. 4, King-street, Covent-garden, London.—[Advertisement.]

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 112.—By F. G. RAINGER, Esq.
Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in four moves.

Game played at the Wisbech Chess Club between Mr. R. Bennett, President, and Mr. H. Musson, Vice-President.

Black.

Mr. B.

1. P to K 4
2. K Kt to B 3
3. B to Q Kt 5
4. P to K 3
5. B takes Kt
6. Kt takes P
7. Q to K 2
8. P to Q 4
9. Q Kt to Q 2
10. Q Kt to K B 3 (b)
11. Q takes Q
12. Q B to K 3
13. P takes P
14. Q R to B square
15. Kt to Q 3
16. Castles
17. Kt from Q 3 to K sq (c)
18. P to K R 3
19. P to K Kt 4
20. Kt to K Kt 2
21. P takes P
22. P to Q Kt 4
23. Kt from K 2 to K R 4
24. P to Q R 3
25. Kt takes Kt
26. Kt to K B 5
27. K R to Q square
28. K R to Q 7
29. Q R to Q square
30. R takes R
31. Kt to Q 6
32. R to Q 2
33. Kt takes P
34. B takes R
35. P to K B 3
36. R P takes P
37. K to Kt 2 (f)

White.

Mr. M.

1. P to K 4
2. Q Kt to B 3
3. B to B 4
4. P to Q R 3 (a)
5. Q P takes B
6. Q to K R 5
7. K Kt to B 3
8. R to R 2
9. P to Q B 4
10. Q takes K P
11. Kt takes Q
12. P takes P
13. Castles
14. P to K B 3
15. P to Q B 3
16. Q R to K Kt 5
17. Q R to Q square
18. B to K K 4
19. B to Kt 3
20. P to Q B 4 (d)
21. Q R to Q B square
22. P to K R 3
23. B to B 2
24. Kt to K Kt 4
25. B P takes Kt
26. K to R 2
27. B to Q Kt square
28. Q R to Q B 2
29. B to K 3
30. B takes R
31. R to Q square
32. K to Kt 3 (e)
33. R takes K
34. P to K R 4
35. P takes P
36. Q B to Q 4
37. B takes Kt, and wins

(a) This loses an important Pawn. He ought rather to have played K Kt to K 2.

(b) Evidently an oversight, as it sacrifices the K P without any prospect of an equivalent.

(c) Apparently the best move. He clearly cannot move the King's Knight, on account of the threatened move of B to K 7.

(d) A second needless sacrifice. We should have much preferred the advance of the K B P.

(e) Why not P to Q Kt 3?

(f) A strange blunder, which loses a piece and the game.

COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

In the year 1858, one of the most attractive pictures exhibited by the Old Society of Painters in Water Colours, at Pall Mall, was one by Mr. Walter Goodall, with the above title, and which we have on page 329 engraved.

"Gin a body meet a body
Comin' thro' the rye;
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?"

This is the song of the Caledonian poet, and the query therein is admirably represented in Mr. Goodall's picture. The girl's figure is good, but there might be more animation in the laddie who is kissing her.

GIUGLINI'S WHIMSICAL LIBERALITY TO HIS FELLOW-TOWNSMEN.—Signor Giuglini is a native of Fano, a pretty town, like its sisters Pesaro and Urbino. It has had the courage to spend half a million of lire in the erection of a handsome theatre, the inauguration of which took place last month. The citizens of Fano wrote to Giuglini, asking to know how much he would accept for singing on an occasion so interesting to his native town. With the cheer of an artist, he replied that they did well to ask how much he would accept for singing, for, being a singer by profession, he could not sing gratis for any one, not even for his fellow-townsmen. A regular contract must be made, and the managers of the theatre must bind themselves to pay him twopenny per night. The contract was subscribed in due form, and each evening that he sang Giuglini received his ten centimes with a punctuality which is not always observed in the great theatres of Europe; but then, indeed, the salary is not twopenny, but £80 or £100 a night.

A POISONER.—The *Herbics Gazette* states that an old man in Berice, known as "Daddy Joe," has on his deathbed confessed to having had a part in an immense number of murders by poisoning, a crime which there is reason to suspect is but too common in the colony; almost every piece of bush-land yields the most subtle poisonous plants to those acquainted with them. He also told the place where a great quantity of valuable ornaments were to be found which had been the hire of his services in these atrocities.

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.

CLERKENWELL.

DESERTING A WIFE AND FIVE CHILDREN.—A SAD CASE.—William Bryan, a short, dirty-looking man, apparently recovering from a fit of drunkenness, and who described himself as a compositor, having no home, was charged before Mr. D'Eyncourt with deserting his wife and five children, whereby they had become chargeable to the parish of St. Mary, Islington. Mr. Leftby, the relieving-officer, said the prisoner had given the parish a great deal of trouble for some time, and had put the parish to a great deal of unnecessary expense. Within three years his family had been three times passed to Islington from other parishes in London. On the 20th of March, 1861, the prisoner's wife and family were passed from St. George's-in-the-East; on the 4th April, 1862, from St. Margaret's, City of Westminster; and on the 7th July, 1863, from St. Mary-le-Strand. The prisoner was now indebted to the parish for the support of his wife and family in a considerable sum exceeding £100. More, one of the warrant-officers of Islington, said the prisoner had given him a great deal of trouble. For six weeks after the prisoner's wife and family were admitted the prisoner was in constant work. After that he went on tramp, receiving the society's allowance, and had been to Cheltenham. He left there as soon as he ascertained that he (the warrant-officer) was about to come after him. Since the wife and family had been in the workhouse, the prisoner had had regular work, and could have supported his family had he pleased. The wife of the prisoner was called, and stated that when she went into the Strand Islington her husband had been out of work for some weeks. She had supported her family by selling her furniture, and was then compelled to seek parish relief to prevent them from starving. Her husband would not go to the workhouse with them, because he said if he did so he would have to go in. On each of the occasions of her going to the workhouse, her family and herself had been in a starving, destitute condition. The prisoner, who treated the matter with the greatest indifference, said he had no defence to make. Mr. D'Eyncourt said he considered the case fairly made out, and sentenced the prisoner as a rogue and a vagabond to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour in the House of Correction, for three calendar months.

A DESERTER FROM THE POLICE.—James Knight, police-constable 99, of division of the metropolitan police force, was brought up on a warrant by Police-sergeant Hewson, 3rd, and charged before Mr. D'Eyncourt for that he, James Knight, being a constable of the metropolitan police force, did unlawfully withdraw himself from the duties thereof, he not having been expressly allowed to do so in writing by the superintendent under whom he was placed, and not having given to such superintendent one calendar month's notice of his intention, contrary to the statute. Police-sergeant Hewson 3rd, said the prisoner had obtained a day's leave of absence, for the purpose of visiting his father, Mr. Alexander (second clerk). Do not be so fast. Let us go on regularly. We must get that he was a constable first. The sergeant continued, and said: The prisoner was a constable under me, and on the 21st of last month he obtained leave of absence for the purpose of visiting his father in Rutlandshire, who he stated was very ill. He did not return to his duties. He had since ascertained that his statement was false, for he had seen the prisoner's father, and found that he was well at the time, and that he (the prisoner) had not been to see him. He apprehended him yesterday in Montague-mews, Bryanstone-square, when he said he was sorry, that he had got drunk, and did not like to return to his duties. The prisoner said he was very sorry, and that he meant to go home, but when he got to the railway-station, he found he had not got money enough, and then getting more drunk he did not like to return. Mr. D'Eyncourt: The usual practice when a man resigns is to give notice to the authorities at Scotland-yard? Mr. Gernon, the superintendent, said: No. He should give notice to me in writing, which I should submit to the commissioners at Scotland-yard. This he has not done. Neither the commissioners nor myself have given him leave to resign. This man applied to me for leave to go home and see his father and I gave it him. He was absent from the 21st of October until yesterday, when he was taken into custody. Mr. D'Eyncourt inquired how long the prisoner had been in the force and how he had behaved. Mr. Gernon said he had joined the force on the 21st of September. He had behaved very badly. He had borrowed £1 4s. 6d., and a suit of clothes from a brother constable. He had pawned the clothes and never paid the money. He had also borrowed money from other constables. He was desired by the commissioners to bring the prisoner before him to be dealt with as he (the magistrate) might think fit. The prisoner said he was very sorry, and hoped the magistrate would be merciful to him. Mr. D'Eyncourt said the case was fully proved, and fined the prisoner 50s., and the costs of the warrant, 2s., or in default of payment one month's imprisonment with hard labour in the House of Correction. The fine was immediately paid by the prisoner's father.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE AGAINST A SOLDIER.—Samuel Shortlands, a private in the Coldstream Guards, was charged before Mr. Knox, with attempting to poison a young woman named Mary Preston. Mary Preston, a respectable attired young woman, said on the 16th of October she went with the prisoner into the tap-room of a public-house, the Albemarle Arms, South Audley-street, kept by Mr. West. The prisoner called for a pint of ale, which was brought with a glass. The prisoner and herself partook of the ale until they came to the last glass, when she saw the prisoner put something into the glass. The prisoner was not aware that she noticed what he had done. The prisoner asked her to drink, but she refused and left the tap-room. The prisoner followed her to the bar and urged her to return. She refused, telling him she had a long distance to go, and could stop no longer. She then left the house, the prisoner came out into the street after her, and detained her, begging her to come back into the room, but she told him she would not, as she had seen him put something into the glass. The prisoner then said he did not wish her to go into the house again, and asked a man who belonged to the house to bring out the glass of ale. She told the young man not to do so, as she had seen the prisoner put something into the glass. The young man, however, said he would bring out the glass, and then the prisoner could do what he liked with it. The young man, however, did not bring out the ale, but he told the prisoner he had thrown it away, to which the prisoner replied that that was something in his hand said, "You meant to poison this young woman to get her watch and chain." The prisoner denied this, and begged her to go with him, but she refused, and, on the young man again interfering, the prisoner went away. Mr. Knox asked the witness if she had known the prisoner for any length of time, and whether she had quarrelled with him. Witness said she had known prisoner about four years, and that, about a fortnight ago, they had some words, on account of her refusing to marry him. Police-constable Jeater, C division, produced some of the stuff found in the glass by the potman. The stuff was stated to be cyanide of potassium, and by a professional man pronounced to be violent poison. The prisoner, who appeared to be very dejected, said he would not make any statement then, but he would on a future occasion. Mr. Knox said it was a case in which the verdict of a jury ought to be taken, and the prisoner must go for trial. It appears that cyanide of potassium is used by soldiers to clean the gold lace on their uniform, cap, &c.

MARYLEBONE.

ORGAN GRINDERS, BURGARS, &c., AND AN ECCENTRIC OLD LADY.—Jovell Light, a native of Parma, and described on the police-sheet as an organ player, residing at 9, Saffron Hill, was charged with continuing to play a barrel organ after he had been requested to desist. Mr. Henry Edward Tatham, a gentleman of independent means, residing at 26, Talbot-square, said: I am exceedingly sorry to appear against this poor man, but the fact is that the evil of these men continually being in front of the houses has become so great that I must appear. Mr. Mansfield: Can he (the prisoner) speak English? Prosecutor: No; indeed, he speaks Italian very badly. It is only a sort of patois. Mr. Mansfield: This is the only great city in the world—I must exclude America, though, for there is no knowing now what they allow or disallow—I will mention that this is the only great city of Europe where street music is tolerated. If you go to Paris, to Vienna, or to any of the cities of Germany, whose inhabitants are such ardent votaries of music, you will find that it is not allowed in the public streets. Prosecutor: I must now tell you the extent of the nuisance of which I complain. These organ men and beggars come and mud my door-step all over directly it is cleaned. They dirty the paint of the porico, and, in fact, they make my doorway a public water-closet. We shall never do any good till we get at the fountain head, and that is an old lady, a neighbour. I have known her to stop her coachman in Piccadilly, in order to give the crossing-sweeper half-a-sovereign. There is a black man, who is well known to every metropolitan magistrate, goes about playing, or rather knocking a tom-tom. This man comes there and makes his nuisance as one of her pensioners. She gives him half a sovereign every Tuesday. Mr. Mansfield felt himself in a dilemma, in the absence of an interpreter, how to act, but ultimately discharged the prisoner, it being intimated to him, in a way that he could understand, that he must not offend in like manner again.

AN AMERICAN TAILOR.—Charles New, a tailor, residing at 47, Exeter-street, Lion-grove, was placed at the bar, charged with insulting respect-

able young women. Sarah Swadling said: I am in service at Kilburn, and yesterday came out to see my father and mother, who reside in Lion-grove Cottages. Last night, in company with two friends, I was returning home, and had got as far as Church-street, Edgware-road, when the prisoner stepped in front of me and caught me round the neck. He kissed me and tried to throw me down by tripping me. He hurt my legs very much. My friends rescued me from his further violence. I never saw him before. Prisoner: I am ignorant of the charge brought against me. I was drunk. Louisa Milward, a housemaid in service, who had been on a visit to the prosecutrix at her father's, said: As we were going home last night the prisoner caught hold of my friend by the neck, and nearly strangled her. As he came towards me I ran away, and the prisoner followed me. I was terrified, and ran into a shop, where I waited. Police-constable 95 D deposed: A little before ten last night, I saw the prisoner catch hold of the prosecutrix round the neck, and drag her round and round. He then ran after the other young woman, who went into a shop, where she waited. The prisoner then went into a public-house, where I took him in charge. Prisoner: I am very sorry for what I have done, and beg the young ladies' pardon. Mr. Yardley: Oh, that won't do; I must protect other women from such unmanly and cowardly insults. A young man, who said his name was Lloyd, her manufacturer, of Church-street, Edgware-grove, said: Last evening we were drinking in the Mitre public-house. As we were coming out the prosecutrix beckoned the prisoner to her. She shook hands with him, and he accosted her and kissed her. I believe she liked it; she seemed to do so. With that they walked down a little way, when she let go his arm and went to the railer public-house, where she waited, or pretended to wait. I said to the man, "You had better go home, or you will get into trouble." He said he had not done wrong. Prisoner: This young man was outside the public-house, and not sober. Lloyd: The policeman was not there. Mr. Yardley recalled the prosecutrix. He said: I am going to ask you a question. Bear it well in mind, and pause before you answer. If you have any doubt upon your mind, say so; for you will be doing us an act of great injustice to the prisoner if you do not. If you have done what is alleged against you, say so candidly, for the offence with which this young man is charged is a serious one. In reply to the magistrate, the prosecutrix declared that she did not beckon the prisoner to enter the public-house, but that she did not walk with any man; that she came straight from her father's house with her two friends; and that she did not take a housemaid, Louisa Milward, with her to the public-house, and indignantly denied the assertion of the man Lloyd. Mr. Yardley, addressing the prisoner, said: You are not answerable for the defence set up for you, and it shall make no difference in your punishment, that the punishment for an offence of this description must and shall be severe, even if it is my duty to say, I shall sentence you to be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for three months.

GIVING A FAKE CHARACTER.—John Stewart, aged between 60 and 70, of no occupation, and living at 31, Coghill-street, Hoxton, was brought up on a warrant, charged with having given a false character of one Eliza Franklin, Margaret Anne Smith, a widow, residing at 15, Gloucester-square, Hyde-park, said: On the 13th of June last a young woman named Eliza Franklin called on me with respect to the situation of upper housemaid, my sister-in-law, living in Hertfordshire, requiring one. She referred me to the prisoner, with whom she said she had lived eleven months. She said that her only reason for leaving was that the family were going abroad. I went to the prisoner, who spoke highly of her qualifications and general good conduct while in his service, and she entered into her situation, but was not there more than two or three days when she was dismissed. Mr. Yardley: Did the prisoner say during the conversation who or what he was? Witness: He did, sir. He had a far better appearance than he has now, and was dressed like a gentleman. King 76 D: Last night I, in company of sergeant White, 16 D, went to No. 31, Coghill-street, Hoxton, where I saw the prisoner. I enquired to White, who directly came up, and when the prisoner noticed him he ran to a back room and bolted himself in. We forced the door open, and on my reading to the prisoner the warrant which I held, he said, "You won't be asking me for what I did. It was only putting one into the way of getting bread, as she told me she was nearly starving. It is no use my denying that it is all false about Eliza Franklin. I have known the prisoner for four years. He has been the occupant of the house at 33, Cambridge place, where he told the lady he was living. He has not been abroad, as he informed me, and, to the best of my belief, he has been carrying on the calling of giving false characters for a long time. Sergeant White, 16 D, said: The prisoner's right name is Fitzgerald, but he is a known as "the General" and "the Knight of Kerry." Three years back he was charged with a similar offence to the present and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. The woman living at the house in Cambridge place and a man who had obtained a situation as footman by means of a false character are under remand from Rannemithin Police-court, the latter being charged with an extensive robbery of plate. A second charge against the prisoner was preferred by Mr. Warren, Q.C., Master in Lunacy, who said: The woman Franklin has been in my wife's service as a maid. She was engaged in November last, and dismissed in the following June. Since then Mrs. Warren received a letter bearing the accused's signature, requesting a good character. I directed that no reply should be sent to it, and handed the application to Sir Richard Mayne, by whose instructions the present proceedings have been taken. I gave not the letter by me. The charges are that the woman Franklin had suffered two months' imprisonment for giving a false character, and had professed an unenviable and unbecoming one of which was written "Mrs. Mary Woodhouse, 1, Hanover-square," and on the other "Martha Bell, Miss Marian Bell, Queen's terrace, Richmond." They also handed in a paper taken from the prisoner, and on it were the words "Mr. Barnard died May 21, 1861, at 11 at night." The prisoner, in answer to the charge, had no more to say than that he believed the young woman to be honest, and he therefore thought he was right in trying to assist her as far as he could. Mr. Yardley was sorry that the law did not empower him to inflict such a punishment as to deprive an offender of his name. He, however, felt it his duty to pass a severe punishment as he could, and fined the prisoner £2, in addition to a penalty of 10s. In default of payment, the prisoner was sentenced to be imprisoned for three months with hard labour.

WORKSHIP-STREET.

FEIGNING OUTRAGE.—Charles Johnson, described on the charge-sheet as a groom, was charged before Mr. Leigh with being concerned in the following brutal assaults upon Charles Jackson, on the 12th inst. Mr. Palmer, of the Home Circuit, instructed by Messrs. Wood and King, of Coleman-street, attended for the prosecution; and Mr. Siegel, instructed by Mr. Joseph Barnard, from the offices of Mr. Smith, appeared for the defence. At the first hearing the prosecutor was shown by a certificate, to be unable, from the injuries he had received, to attend and give evidence, and now he was allowed a seat and refreshment. He is a spare, short young man, and his assailant weighs at least fifteen stone. Mr. Siegel suggested that the parties should be allowed to retire and settle the matter, but Mr. Palmer most positively refused to accede, at the same time remarking that a more gross and deliberate assault it was impossible to conceive, it being nothing less than an endeavour to mutilate the person of his client; and after stating the facts according to his instructions, called the prosecutrix, who was sworn, and said: I am potman at the Ranelagh Arms public-house, Old Ford, Bow. On the date in question I was doing duty there, between ten and eleven o'clock at night. After unlacing my boots in the tap-room I went to the bar and saw there the prisoner and a man named Henry Page, now in court. (Page was present to answer a summons against him for using threatening language in a letter to the prosecutrix.) Page said to me, "You—, what have you done with those horses?" I replied, "You had better go to Mr. Brown, my master, who will tell you all about it. I acted by his orders," and so saying, I turned to re-enter the tap-room. Page then added, "Brown says that you are Mullins, and now I'll Mullins you." I said, "If you don't go from here I'll send for the police and lock you up." Upon which he stopped me and said, "Put up your— forks (saw for hands), or I'll gouge your— eyes out." At that moment the prisoner was on the left hand of Page. I sat down on my beer-tray. Page lifted me up by the coat-collar and struck me with his fist in the face. I caught hold of a pint pot and said, "If you don't let me go I will strike you down with this." The prisoner said, "Gouge his eye out." Page turned me round and prisoner then caught hold of me and kicked me in the most delicate part of my person. Both of them let go hold of me, and I fell backwards screaming. I tried to stand, but could not. Blood was running from the legs of my trousers. I called "Help," "Police," and "Murder." I was in dreadful pain. They walked to the door. I crawled after and tried to prevent them from leaving the house. Page said, "If you don't go away, I'll kick your guts out." A person named Fortham was there, and a police-constable came. I said to him, "This is the man who kicked me, but take the other one also," meaning Page. I fainted, and after being taken to a doctor, Page drove me home in his cart. He wished to settle the matter. Mr. Edward Mills Davy, of Barnes-villa, Old Ford, surgeon, described the injuries as caused by the point of a shoe or boot. The man was in great pain, and in a fainting condition. Abscess might have resulted, and even death. Simmons, 127 K, said: On the night mentioned I heard, one hundred yards from the Ranelagh Arms, terrible screams and groans in a man's voice. On reaching there, Page was standing outside the door, the prisoner within, and close by him the prosecutrix, who gave him into custody. Page on hearing it, said to me, "Take that man in charge if you dare;" and he afterwards threatened to write in complaint of me to Scotland-yard. I took no notice of him, but conveyed prisoner to the station-house, on the road to which he said, "I would give £50 to make this right rather than be locked up." Joseph Liverman and Henry Wagstaff, the

driver and the conductor of an omnibus, were then called for the defence, both being in the Ranelagh Arms at the time of the outrage. Each swore that the altercation was carried on without bad words, save by the prosecutrix; that prisoner got between him and Page as for the purpose of parting them; upon which prosecutor made several cuts at Page with the pot, and afterwards kicked prisoner, who returned it. In cross-examination, Liverman admitted that he after the occurrence drank with Page and Wagstaff; that he had on a previous occasion been accused by the prosecutrix of pot-stealing. Dr. Edmonds then examined the leg of the prisoner, and stated that there were marks thereon as resulting from kicks, apparently fresh about three weeks since, but whether on the day in question or before he could not tell. Mr. Siegel called upon the magistrate to dismiss the charge, or deal with it summarily, if he thought any case had been made out. Mr. Leigh merely replied: I shall send the prisoner and Page also for trial. Page who had not been placed in the dock, but kept his standing at the summons-box, was then removed to the cells with Johnson, to await the completion of depositions, wherein they will be jointly indicted at the Central Criminal Court. Mr. Leigh consented to accept bail for each in two sureties of £25 and themselves in £50.

THAMES.

EXTRAORDINARY OUTRAGE ON A FEMALE.—Thomas Whityear, aged 31, a grainer of No. 14, Martha-street, St. George's-in-the-East was charged with being concerned with others in assaulting Ellen West, a servant girl about eighteen years of age. About seven months since a youth named Pearce, apprenticed to Mr. Gosling, a painter and glazier in the Commercial-road East, was brought to this court charged with committing a rape on the prosecutrix in the house of her master and mistress, No. 65, King-street, while the family were in the country. Pearce, the prisoner Whityear, and others were engaged in repairing, painting, and graining the interior of the house at the time the outrage was committed. The accused, Pearce, was committed for trial the case was taken up by the Associated Institute for Improving and Enforcing the Laws for the Protection of Women, and Pearce was ultimately convicted at the Central Criminal Court of the lesser offence of an assault with intent, and sentenced to six months' hard labour. Since the conviction of Pearce the girl has been subjected to insults and annoyances from the acquaintances of the convict. On Saturday night, a few minutes before ten o'clock, the girl was sent out by her mistress on an errand, and while passing along Smith-street not more than a hundred yards from her master's house, on her way home, the prisoner and several other men accosted her, turned her round, and asked her "to go with them." She declined doing so, and attempted to pass on, when the fellows acted very rudely to her, and said if she did not go by fair means she should try foul. One of the ruffians then seized her by the throat and pinched it, while another clapped his hand over her mouth and stifled her cries. The prisoner pinioned her arms and pulled them back while another fastened them with a cord. She was then thrown down. She fainted, and had no recollection of what occurred afterwards until she found herself in her master's house. In answer to a question by Mr. Woolrich, the witness said, I am sure the prisoner is the man who held my arms while another man tied them. I know the prisoner well. He was the grainer in the house when the family were away some months ago. William Fox, a lad, son of Mr. Fox, of No. 65, King-street, said that at fifteen minutes before ten o'clock on Saturday night a little girl knocked at the door, and said the servant was ill, and lying upon the ground in King-street. He hastened to the spot, and found the girl in a fit, and a crowd about her. The prisoner was there. A lot of men carried the girl home. It was three-quarters of an hour before she recovered. After contradictory evidence, the prisoner denied that he was in King-street on Saturday night, and called three witnesses, who said he was in a public-house called the Duke of Kent, at the corner of Martha-street and Cross-street St. George's-in-the-East, at about three-quarters of a mile from King-street, from half past eight until eleven o'clock on Saturday night. The prisoner was remanded for further evidence.

SOUTHWARK.

WHOLESALE ROBBERY BY A SERVANT.—James Pearce, a respectable-looking man, in the employ of Mr. Goulston, wholesale rug and carpet manufacturer, and the well-known proprietor of Swan-street, Dover-road, was charged with stealing two valuable hearth-rugs, the property of his master. Clerk, 108 M, said that he had known the prisoner for some time as working for Mr. Edward Goulston, of Swan-street; and about seven o'clock on the previous evening he met the prisoner in Cole-street, carrying two hearth-rugs on his shoulder in a clandestine manner. He suspected that something was wrong, consequently he stopped him, and asked him what he was going to do with the rugs, when he said, "Oh, it is all right, I'm going to take them to a customer." Witness asked him where the customer resided, when he replied that he did not know, but it was all right, the foreman had allowed him to take them, and sell them on his own account. Witness took him to the factory, where a man, who said he was deputy-foreman, told him that it was customary to allow the men to take out goods and sell on their own account. Witness accordingly released the prisoner, but shortly afterwards he had an interview with the manager, to whom he related the circumstances, and then he ascertained that the prisoner had been authorized to take the rugs, consequently he again took the prisoner into custody. The manager to the prosecutor said that the prisoner had been some time in their employ as porter. He had no right to carry out any goods from the warehouse without his sanction, and being entered in the books in the usual way. None of the men were ever allowed to take goods out for sale on their own account. The hearth-rugs produced were very valuable, and had been taken from stock in the warehouse without any authority from witness or Mr. Goulston. In answer to the magistrate, witness said there was no deputy-foreman, and the man who called himself as such had no right to make any such statement to the policeman as he had. He had been discharged from their service. The prisoner here pleaded guilty to stealing the hearth-rugs, begging his worship to deal mercifully towards him as it was his first offence. The magistrate doubted him, but as there was no evidence of that, he sentenced him to six months' hard labour at Wandsworth.

LAMBETH.

DISPERATE ENCOUNTER WITH A BURGlar.—A powerful and determined-looking man, 38, who gave the name of Thomas Williams, and described himself as of no fixed abode, was placed at the bar before Mr. Elliott, on a charge of burglariously breaking and entering Burlington Lodge, the residence of Mr. Frederick Henry Leaf, and stealing therein various articles of property. The prisoner entered the felon's dock in a weak and languid manner, and seemed to be suffering seriously from a severe wound on the right temple, and the bridge of the nose, and loss of blood. Police-constable Lewis Walter Stackwell, 327 P, said: This morning, at about half-past one o'clock, I was on duty in Crown-lane, Norwood, and on going to the back of Mr. Leaf's house, I observed a ladder against the dining-room window. I ascended the ladder, and on reaching the window found it open, and also the window shutter cut through and open. I then got into the dining-room, passed through it and a passage, and reached the library door, which I found closed. I endeavoured to open it but could not, and having reason to suspect that there was some person inside to prevent my doing so, I called out "thieves!" to arouse the inmates. I then heard a chair being placed against the door, but I forced it open and then saw the prisoner close to the library window endeavouring to force its fastenings, and I went up to him, struck him, and knocked him down. He got on his legs immediately, and sprang upon me and knocked me down against a table, and struggled with me violently on the floor. He struck me several times, and in self-defence I was obliged to strike him with my staff. At this moment Mr. Leaf came to my assistance, and helped me to secure the prisoner, but the prisoner threw that gentleman down two or three times as well as myself, and continued to struggle so desperately with us that I told him that if he did not desist I should have to strike him again with my staff. One of the servants came to our help, and at last we secured the prisoner. I found on him implements of house-breaking, a piece of wax candle and some matches, and a salt-pon, a pencil case, and a thimble, all silver, and the three last articles are sworn to as belonging to Mr. Leaf. Eliza Couch, servant to Mr. Leaf, said that on the evening before, at half-past five, she closed the dining-room window at which the prisoner had entered, and saw it secured at half-past ten. The window was secured with the ordinary catch in the centre window shutters, and an iron bar behind. Between one and two that morning the witness was alarmed by the cries of the policeman, and on proceeding into the library with a lighted candle, saw the prisoner, the policeman, and her master struggling violently, and assisted in securing the former. Martha Holt, another servant, said she had been alarmed by the constable, and on passing the library door heard her master, Mr. Leaf, say "I'll kill you if you are not quiet." Witness then got the policeman's rattle, and sprang it at the front door for assistance. The box produced, and which was found broken open, had been removed from the dining-room to the drawing-room, and was found on the side-board. The pencil case, salt spoon, and silver thimble found on the prisoner were the property of her master. In reply to the charge, prisoner admitted he made all the resistance he could, and was guilty of breaking into the house, but denied having struck the constable. Inspector Bond requested a remand, and said he had no doubt he should, on a future day, connect the prisoner with another burglary committed next door to Mr. Leaf's, a short time ago. The prisoner was accordingly remanded.



"HOW BENGALESE ARE TURNED INTO SEPOYS." (See page 333.)

Literature

HIGHLAND JESSIE; OR, LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID. A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

CHAPTER I.

BITS OF INDIA.

It may be set down, without any fear of contradiction, that the veriest Radical who gets to India becomes more or less aristocratic in his tendencies. My dear brother, you may be shocked at this statement, but it is quite as true as that Queen Anne is dead. Say you are a common private in the One Hundred and One. Without any exaggeration I may say that you are nobody in particular unless you are fighting. Then all the papers crack you up, and call you the mainstay of Old England. But in a general peaceful way you know very well you have to black your own boots, and are very glad if you can easily afford the blacking.

Or say you are a captain. Well, you know your pay is not very large, and if you are on half-pay you know very well that if you have no private means you must do the best you can without a little maid-servant, possibly from the union. She will call it the college.

But when you get to India matters are changed. If you have been a town Arab, or a country preacher at home, picked up by the dexterous recruiting-sergeant; if your company in England has generally been your own, or that of some public-house acquaintance, when you get to India you have no end of attendants.

In fact, whether private or officer, you do next to nothing for yourself.

Says Mr. Russell, speaking of the lots of servants a white face gets in India:—"A luxurious little baby was carried forth for a walk under the shade of the trees. It was borne in the arms of a at ayah, beside whom walked a man whose sole business it was to whisk away the flies which might venture to disturb baby's slumbers. Another man wheeled a small carriage, in which lay another little lord of the Indian creation, asleep, likewise with a human flapper by his side, whilst two ayahs followed the procession in the rear. Through the open door of a tent could be seen the lady mother reading for her husband. A native servant fanned her with a hand punkah. Two little terriers chained to a tree were under the care of a separate domestic. A cook was busy superintending several pots set upon fires in the open air; a second prepared the curry paste; a third was busy with plates, knives, and forks. In the rear of the servants' tents—which were two in number, making, with the master's, four—were small tents for the ayahs (grooms), grass-cutters, and camel-men; behind which were picketed three horses, three camels, and a pair of bullocks; and ere I left, another servant drove in a few goats, which were used for milking. I was curious to know who this millionaire could be, and was astonished to learn that it was only Captain Smith, travelling down country, with the usual train of domestic and animals required under the circumstances. The whole of Captain Smith's camp did not contain more than eight or nine tents, but there were at least 150 domestics and a menagerie of animals connected with them."

Let us now describe a few of these domestics. First, then, for the aide of your house.

And, in the first place, seeing how important he is in a tropical

climate, there is the "bheesty," or water carrier. The bheesty is always a Mahomedan, never a Hindoo. He has no other occupation but that of fetching water from the tanks, filtering, and cooling it for the use of the family he serves. And he has quite enough to do; for, what with your never ceasing to be thirsty, and your perpetual desire to plump into a bath, water may, in our Indian household, be looked upon as a greater necessity than bread. Backwards and forwards, between the house and the tank, goes the bheesty—his work is never done, carrying the precious element in a skin, which holds about nine or ten gallons. His dress, to be candid, is, to say the least of it, simple. But candour in dressing is a common Indian failing, or necessity; and it is astonishing how soon the purest of English women become accustomed to the sight of brawny men, almost as naked as when they were born. The bheesty certainly does wear d awars, but they are very loose. His chief garment, however, is a long red scarf, which he winds round his head, and drapes about his body in the most graceful manner possible. The bheesty, also, is employed to water the streets. But it is when he accompanies a white regiment that his value is so great. Every moment, on the march, some soldier is calling for the bheesty, and with an "Oh, yes, sahib," there he is with the splendid water, which he carries for miles upon miles. It may be a little hot and a little nasty, but when you want water in India, you don't stand at trifles.

Then there is your kitmetgar, or table servant, who, true to the division of labour prevalent amongst Indian servants, only looks after your table. Your "kit" must also be a Mahomedan. He will lay the cloth, however, as well as place the meals, and wait at table. Most European families in India have as many kits as whites in the family—one for each of them. Imagine any family in London, however grand, having one footman to every unit in that family! You pay your kit about six shillings a week; and with this sum he not only supports himself, wife, and family, but he comes out so strong in dress and appearance that he is quite a credit to your establishment. Your "kit" is indeed particularly nice in his dress, in all probability more delicate in cleanliness than yourself, for he bathes two and three times a day, and he is as good a waiter as any in the world. Then, again, he is wonderfully honest, and, if you treat him well, he will grow to love—well, yes, that is the word—he will grow to love you like a dog. By the way, your kit will take pity on you if you are a bachelor. If married, he won't do anything but wait at table. But if you are single he will play the parts of butler, valet, and pipe-bearer. By the way, some time back in India you had a separate servant for your pipe. And now imagine how your London footman would like to go out to dinner with his master, to wait upon him. This your Indian "kit" does cheerfully, taking up his place behind his master's chair, and looking well after him; in fact, he is the Indian servant, and when you are travelling he is the man to be taken with you, for he will then take further pity on you, and cook.

In fact, the only really useful domestic servants in your Hindoo-English establishment are the Mahomedans, for they have none of those aggravating prejudices so peculiar to the Hindoo, whose caste will only permit him to do certain offices. These Mahomedans are always remarkably clean in their dress and persons, and in their movements they are active and graceful. A robe of white linen, fitting close to the upper part of the back, but loose and long in the skirt, and wide in the sleeves, rational loose trousers (but no shoes or stockings, alas!), and turbans of various colours under various circumstances, and tinted in various ways, compose the general dress. They are docile, good fellows, these Mahomedan helps, civil-tongued, and, as it has been said, faithful as those dogs they will not, under any circumstances, touch. By the way, they don't always like their master. These fellows have lots of different officers amongst them, and not the least useful is the dirzee, or tailor, a very necessary fellow, for the dhotis, or

washermen, have certainly one belief in common, and that is, that washing is no washing without some holes and rippings, and all the buttons clean pulled off. The dirzee is up to any kind of needle-work. He can make you a coat, a bonnet, cap, dress, or darn stockings. Then he can make you a shirt, or collar, the stitching of which might go in for a prize with the very best sewing-machine. The dirzee will squat in your verandah at ten a.m., and never leave off for half a minute, till five p.m.; during which time they take no refreshment, unless it happen to be a chil-lam, or friendly pipe with the other servants in the house.

As for the hookah-buridar, or pipe-bearer, his duties consist in preparing tobacco, and keeping the hookahs in order. He, however, is going out of fashion, for economy is the ruling thing in India, and men don't care about keeping a man for his pipe alone; so he smokes cigars, which call for no attendance. By the way, his wages are not much—say ten shillings a month—and on this sum he not only contrives to keep himself, strange as it may appear, but a wife, and as many children as Mahomed will send him; and furthermore he saves money, which is a lesson to the patrons of penny savings' banks. The hookah-bearer thinks a good deal of himself also, and puts himself next your kit, who is A 1, if there be no khansaman, or butler, in the house.

Then there is the punkah-wallah, who is the "buttons" of India. His nominal duty is to keep in constant motion during meals the large fan suspended from the ceiling immediately over the table, and when not thus engaged he plays with the children, and assists the other servants, particularly the ayah, or nurse, to whom he is sometimes a complete drudge—like "buttons" here in England, in his general relations with the cook.

Then suppose we go out of doors.

Perhaps round the first corner we shall fall upon a group of todhas, or buffalo herdsmen, come into the city for some purpose connected with their calling. The origin of these todhas is unknown, but by some they are supposed to be descendants from the Romans, a party of whom are said to have settled at some remote province in India. In appearance they are not unlike the great people they date from. The expression of their countenances is thoughtful and serious, and their bearing calm and indifferent. They are slow and careless in their movements, and neglectful of their persons. The men allow their beards to grow, and their hair to hang in disorder. They wear no other clothing than a long cotton scarf, which they wrap about them as the Romans did their toga. It will be observed the women are clothed as the men, except that under the scarf they wear a tight-fitting jacket and petticoat. The hair of the women, which they part down the centre, hangs in thick clusters all round the head. The todhas are occupied in breeding the buffalo. They have no other occupation; and save for the purposes of trade never seek intercourse with the Hindoos, who consider them little better than pariahs—that unhappy class who, either voluntarily, or through disregard of the Hindoo laws of religion, became, and must remain, outcasts.

And being out of doors, why we cannot avoid the police, who are generally to be seen in any hut of an Indian city.

The native police, the chowkiedars, are a fine body of men, disciplined by European officers, and remarkable for their vigilance and honesty. Their costumes are very picturesque, particularly those of the up-countrymen, who wear the dress peculiar to the province to which they belong, and which consists of a coloured, tight-fitting jacket, a red turban, very gracefully wound round the head, and a long white scarf, so arranged as to look like trousers. They are peacefully armed with long white sticks, which take the place of the London policeman's staff. These they use with quarter-staff activity when attacked. In Calcutta they are very numerous.

Now let us turn a corner, and here you see how the native comes a sepoy.



DIRZEE, OR TAILOR.

HOOKAH-BURDAR, OR PIPE-BEARER.



SEPOYS.

The natural costume of a native is, as everybody knows, loose and easy—the limbs are allowed full play, and the native is seen to the greatest advantage. But the English in India consider that in the natural state he would be a scandal to our army—so when the native takes the shilling, say at the next street or corner, he is taken to the next post, and there he becomes converted into a

regular. Off goes the turban, on goes the muffin Kilmarnock cap, which is protection from neither sun nor sword. Over the dhotie, or loose pants, goes a pair of tight trousers, fixed up with braces, and over all a coat as tight as a drum. Nay, if the sepoy could stand it, on would go the ordinary stiff leather stock; but the native has always mutinied against this, and so the collar has been sub-

stituted by an arrangement of bandaged beads. So if the sepoy is wanting in British courage, endurance, steadiness, and such like, these qualities may be supposed compensated on the outside by a rig-out a long way after that of the British soldier—for you could no more make the native smart in European clothes than the European could be made to appear up to much in a dhotie. In our



STREET AT LUCKNOW. (See page 334.)

illustration you see how the thing is done. The standing natives to the left are a little doubtful, while the seated native, who, though appearing to be uncomfortably seated, is in a posture which affords great rest when once you have grown accustomed to it, is clearly one who will never be tempted by the shilling.

And so we reach the perfect Sepoy—that is, as near perfect as we have managed to make him. We may find him at the next street corner, perhaps, ready for a march through jungle and over desert.

Go a little further, and, behold, you find a havildar on duty. The Goorkha sepoys are recruited chiefly from Nepal and its neighbourhood. Hard, wiry, little mountaineers they are generally, not adapted for service in the plains of India in the hot weather, but they can stand any heat if they will. They are fine soldiers, and love fighting—very much for its own sake. As a rule, they are not false to their salt. They are uniformly Hindoos, but not very particular ones, and they are therefore looked down upon by their co-religionists in the plains, who consider their purity to be far above that of any bill-man—he what he may. So they and the low country people are very rarely in a state of brotherhood. That which goes most to a Goorkha's heart is "cutting his ray." So long as the treasury is steadfast, and he gets his monthly salary all right, he is all right too. But his fidelity might not be worth much if you kept his purse empty. It is true that this state of things amongst the Goorkhas does not show much self respect; at least, give them this credit, that they don't profess to possess more fidelity than they really have. "Pay—good work. No pay—no work at all." There you have the Goorkha's philosophy.

And now, turning another corner, you may look up from the native infantry to the native cavalry. Save the Spaniard, "Set a beggar on horseback, and he will ride to the devil." So, give a native a horse, and he has the air of a bashaw. When you see the native in the pig-skin, he certainly does remind you of Sambo. He does look to fancy himself so much above everybody. Does he not look "all there" in our engraving?

Turn another corner (and if we agree to be at Calcutta, we shall find plenty of corners). Who are these individuals, apparently in cloaks of the Italian brigand schools, and chimney-pot hats, with

the brims in the wrong places? These individuals are gentlemen of Scinde—noblemen, in fact, with the hook noses which belong to noblemen, it would appear, all the world over. The Scindian nobles are as keen after the chase as any of our British aristocrats. Prior to Scinde becoming British, they actually depopulated the land to make hunting-grounds—in other words, destroyed people to foster game. Under those circumstances, perhaps those inhabitants of Scinde who are not noble regret but slightly, if indeed at all, that their province became the territory of the English, who, if unkind in a variety of ways, do not cut people's throats because the people themselves are a little in the way.

The Scindians are simple in their dress, which, in summer, is reduced to a pair of very transparent muslin trousers. However, the nobles always go about in a decent shawl. But it is at the hat we are lost in amazement. It looks exactly like the British tile inverted. It is made of pasteboard, and is sometimes covered with cloth, while at others it is painted in the loudest style imaginable.

Try another corner—ah! what is that, looking like an Indian bottle imp, and with eyes as greedy and wild as those of an Irish beggar?

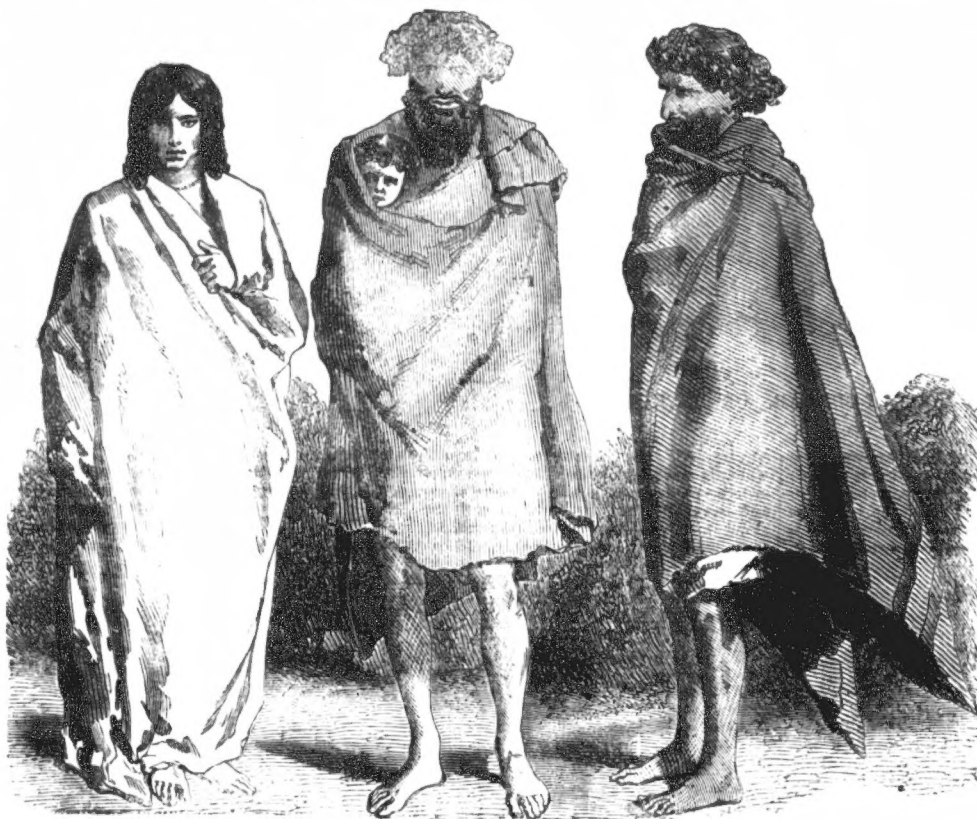
He is a fakir.

The fakirs are religious Hindoos, fanatics, and mendicants, and are met with in every part of India, but they congregate chiefly in and about the so-called sacred cities of Benares and Jugger-nauth. These wretched beings inflict upon themselves the most frightful penances, under the impression that the misery they endure will secure their admission into Paradise—of which they would be very pretty ornaments if they there took up their abode in some of the horrid shapes they assume on earth. Many of them will roll themselves hundreds of miles over the ground to reach the temple of Jugger-nauth; while others perform the pilgrimage to Benares on their hands and knees. Some throw themselves on the ground, and make a vow never again to rise; and others seat themselves on the banks of the Ganges, and allow themselves to be carried away by the current. They live mostly in the temples, and are fed by the people who come to pray. It is not an uncommon thing to see these poor creatures wandering about the country with one arm raised above the head, which has been kept in that position till it has become withered and stiff, the finger-nails grown through the palm of the hand, and the hair matted about their body. The greater number go without any clothing, simply wearing a bit of coarse cloth across the loins. Many voluntarily starve themselves to death, and others put an end to existence by exposure to the burning influence of the noonday sun. The first of the fakirs presented to the reader is that of a man who has squatted down, folded his arms, and vowed never to change his position.

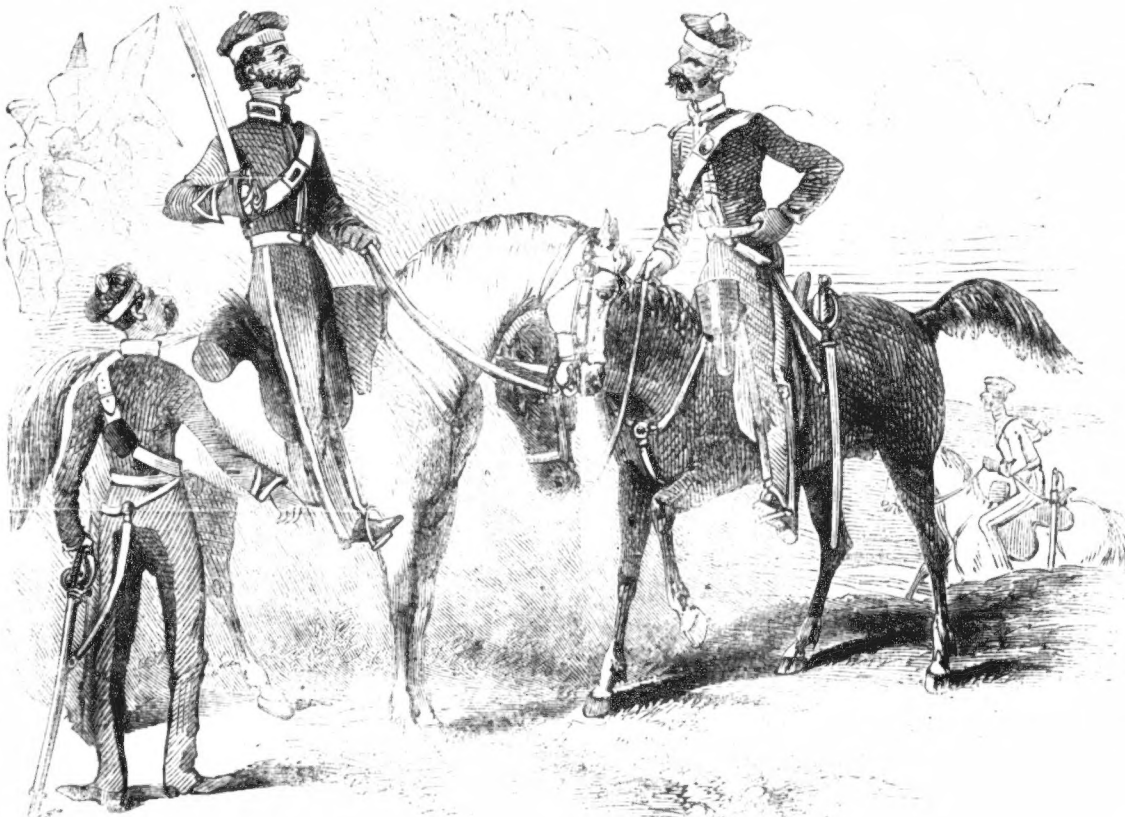
Take yet another corner—it shall be the last. Now here come what appear to be elegant gentlemen. By no means are they so. They are fakirs of Radjestan, and it would appear the fakirs of Radjestan know the right side of their bread and butter. You don't catch them turning themselves into acrobats, or rolling over and



FAKIR.



HERDSMEN.



CAVALRY.

over a few hundred miles or so. They are, so to speak, quite the bishops amongst the fakir clergy. In fact, they very rarely put themselves to any torture at all. They are clean in their persons, and make quite a respectable appearance. They wander about the country, and live on the charity of faith and the faithful, for which latter they prescribe charms, and to whom they teach new prayers. They are noble-looking men, and no wonder that by griffins (Indian amateurs) they are taken for gentlemen. They wear a robe of yellow cotton, and their turban, which is also yellow, is ornamented with a cluster of brass ornaments and a tail of horsehair. Round the waist they wind a white cotton scarf, the ends of which they throw each over a shoulder. It sometimes happens that these fakirs have great influence over the native princes, who, to a certain extent, are governed by them in the management of their dominions. Not far from Banaghaipore, on the Ganges, is a rock on which resided, a short time since, one of the most comfortable fakirs of India. For an immense time past, he and his predecessors have levied a toll on all boats passing the rock, and he himself was said to possess such powers of intimidation, that few boatmen would have the moral courage to attempt to pass without recognising his authority. He accumulated great wealth, and boasted that he had specie alone amounting to one million sterling.

Ha! you looked through that shady window, and saw that good-looking man. He is a zemindar—the Indian squire. These land-owners of India, far the richer portion, keep the land in their own hands, and entrust the cultivation of it to men who act as bailiffs.

There, you have had enough of street corners, and the time we have taken in our walk of ten minutes after sunset is quite enough to allow of night coming on. This twilight time is that when everybody pours out for a little fresh air. The pomp and splendour of an Indian city at twilight is now passing away. But let us conjure up the appearance of a street at Lucknow in its grandeur, when few or no Europeans were to be seen within its walls—when it was purely Indian. Look at our engraving. The scene is lively and picturesque in the extreme. Mounted cavaliers, clothed in Cashmere stuffs elaborately mounted in gold, and preceded by attendants carrying gold and silver sticks, swords, pipes, spears, wands of office, pass to and fro in a continuous stream. Certain dignitaries, seated in open palanquins richly painted and gilded, mingle in the throng, many among them carrying in their hands magnificent silver hookahs, or rather gougouries, for such is the name given to the small pipe that is deficient of the flexible tube. They are hemmed in by hookah-bearers, armed attendants, and perhaps a guard of honour mounted on camels, caparisoned in green and red trappings. Others there are perched up aloft on the backs of elephants, seated in gracefully-carved howdahs, the sides of which are in the form of a swan, and are, in many instances, of pure silver. The attendants of the more wealthy inhabitants comprise examples of the various races of all parts of India, and the aspect presented by their costume is picturesque in the extreme. Gold, silver, precious stones, illimitable wealth throughout the length of this street—luxury displayed before which European kings would shudder; and go into the next street, and you shall find thousands of Hindoos and Mussulmen living happily on a shilling a week.

So much for contrasts. But we are, perhaps, giving the reader too many "bits of India" at once. And he may, perhaps, think the tale is forgotten. But there has been a motive in spreading out this Indian patchwork of engravings—it has been to familiarize our readers with the aspect of the land in which the tale is chiefly laid.

So to the tale.

It is no longer the year 1840. The swift seasons have passed, and it is 1853—still four years from the time when the war-cry was heard—and the Indian tiger was loosed over India, and the English blood stained the thirsty Indian ground.

CHAPTER II.

DISCOVERIES.

"TALK about fatigue duty; there's nothing equal to your court martial for wearing a man out!" said Clive St. Maur, one morning in the April time of 1853, and as he and a companion left the headquarters of their general. The speaker and his companion were young officers in the service of the East India Company, and they had been assisting at one of those wearying and trifling courts martial for which the military authorities of the country were eminently famous.

"By the way, St. Maur," said his companion, "have you heard the news?"

"What?" asked the first speaker; "another court martial?"

"Oh, no; this is an affair of the court of Cupid."

"The devil it is!" answered St. Maur. "Then it's lively enough to hear—so, Harrington, go ahead."

"You know that half ruined temple in the jungle, about half a mile from the south gate of the town?"

"I think I have seen it—say a thousand times."

"Well, there's a large garden attached to it; and in this garden, it seems, one of ours has seen one of the fairest flowers that ever wore a veil."

"In other words, a peacock," said St. Maur.

"Well, I believe so," continued Frank Harrington, one of the coolest hands in a file

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